

# AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 1899  
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"DAY DREAMS."

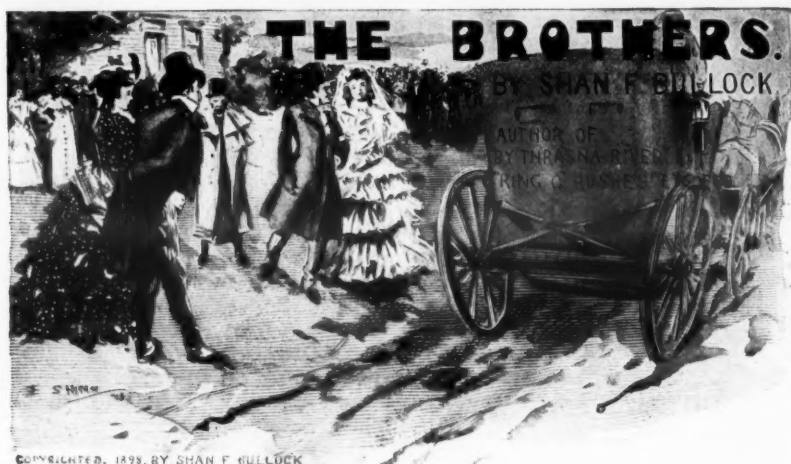
From the painting by Irving R. Wiles.

# AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

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No. 1



We, Dennis Hayes and myself, were on the broad road which from the shores of Lough Lamar runs right and straight through the outskirts of Cavan, then crosses the border, and soon is wending for Leek town and the heart of Meath. Hitherto, our way had lain through an arid country, a place of bleak rocky mountains, scrubby hills and bare cottages scattered sparsely among barren, unsheltered fields; now, once in fat Meath, suddenly all was changed. From a desert we had passed, as it were, to a land of gardens. The hedges sprang thick and tall; the hills stood round and fruitful; the fields lay lush and soft; here was a fox-cover, there a cluster of giant poplars, far off stretched a fir plantation backed by the light blue of a mountain and the lighter azure of the horizon; everywhere prosperity lay brooding and smiling—on the golden orchards, the snug farmhouses, the great, wide-spreading pastures.

We were just in the thick of all that; when, suddenly, almost in sight of the white walls of Leek, over the hedgerow on our left, rose the gaunt skeleton of a house. Like the wreck of "some high admiral" it lay, forlorn and pitiable, its rafters naked to the sky, its window-holes empty and moss-grown, its walls cracked and weather-stained; within and without a place of weeds and desolation, a home of loneliness and ghosts. Like a plague spot it showed on the comeliness of the country side. The sudden incongruity of it all was startling, and involuntarily I turned to Dennis.

"What, in heaven's name, does it mean?" said I. "Is—is it haunted or what?"

Without a word, Dennis stepped across the road, mounted a ditch and stood looking over the hedgerow. Quickly I followed; and there had sight of the whole forlornness of the place. Here was an orchard, tangled, broken; there a haggard, empty and disordered; between them lay a garden in riotous ruin, a wilderness of



"'IT GETS WORSE AND WORSE,' HE SAID."

choked fruit trees, flaunting weeds, overgrown paths, tumbled beehives. The yard was a meadow; the outhouses a long misery of broken walls and battered roofs. Not a bird stirred in the empty caves, not a hoof showed itself on hill or field; right and left, here and there, was only loneliness and desolation.

For a while I stood there looking and wondering; then, quite suddenly and discordantly, like the sound of a meadow crake breaking through the stillness of the night, came the harsh voice of Dennis.

"It gets worse an' worse," said he, and slowly wagged his head; "worse an' worse. Last time I came these parts 'twas only an eyesore; now—it's like some deserted graveyard or other. Ay, it's miserable

were ye? Abroad, is it? Aw, yes indeed. Abroad where they live in their ignorance, an' want to know nothin', an' never see a paper. Well, come away an' I'll tell ye," said he; then left the ditch, took again to the road, in a while clambered over a rusty iron gate and led the way along a narrow track which ran through the fields and down the slope on whose broad crest stood the ruined house. "The best land in Ireland," moaned Dennis, as he went, his hands beneath his coat tails, and his eyes roaming far and near; "an' it gone to the devil. Look at it, goin' to waste. Think o' the flocks an' herds, the sheep an' cattle an' horses, that ought to be sportin' through all them fields. An' not one there is; not

to cast eyes on it. It's like something you'd dream about. An', man, the pity it is. The fine place it was once, the fine prosperous place; the best house in all Meath, an' the best land from here to back again. Yes, sir. An' now look at it—look at it! An' all through a woman," said Dennis, and cut viciously at the hedge with his stick; "all through a woman!"

"A woman?" said I, looking around. "A woman, you said, Dennis?"

"Ay," returned he. "That's it." But don't ye know?" asked he, with a half-turn of his head. "Ye don't? Then where, in glory's name,



one. An' not a soul is there to be seen. An' hardly a foot ever stirs the dew on it. An'—why? ye ask. Well, just for this: That there's a curse on it; an' there's blood on it; an' there's a ghost on it. But wait," said Dennis, with a wave of his arm. "Take your time. Leave that for a while."

At the foot of the slope we came to a stream, just then somewhat shallow, but steep and high in its banks, that ran pleasantly toward the road (being crossed there by a single-arched stone bridge) and came bickering merrily past the meadows and poplars and willow clumps along the valley. Towards this from the house a path came down, reached a foot-plank that stretched from bank to bank, and went on, as it were, past a hazel thicket, and up the slope on the farther side. The plank was broad and stout, and worn somewhat in the middle; it we crossed easily, Dennis crossing himself devoutly the while, and near it sat down in the cool grass with our feet dangling over the water.

Dennis lit his pipe; leant his elbows on his knees, crossed his arms and looked at the foot-plank.

"Ay," said he, "that's the place. Who'd think, lookin' at it now, that sunshiny an' innocent it looks, that ever such things could ha' happened? Ah, it's wonderful the ways o' the world, an' the way it changes. An' there's the tree it was tied to; an' there's the clump he lay hid in; an' there's where he fell; and there's where she— Never mind; wait till I come to it," said Dennis, sitting upright; then took two or three quick puffs and went on.

"'Twas far back, years and years ago, that the father o' them came to Meath, an' took the land you're sittin' on, an' settled down in the big house above, an' gave us all a squint at his English ways. He was a big, hard-headed, cliver man; a powerful hand at farmin', open enough in the hand, a magistrate, too, an' as well liked as the kind of him iver got the chance to be. The wife died young; one o' the daughters went after her; t'other married a Dublin doctor an's there yet; an' when at last th' ould man went his way, the two sons stepped into his shoes an' between them carried on things.

"It's them I'm to tell ye about. Th' ouldest was a decent chap—Harry, they called him—big, hearty, good-lookin' free

wi' his money an' his drink, an' with the best eye in the world for the points of a horse. Man, but he was the boy could ride, an' shoot, an' make the fat rise on a beast; an' in fair or market he was 'as good at a bargain as he was broad in the back. We liked Harry well these parts; ay, we did. He had always a good word for one, an' a laugh, an' a joke. If ye wanted advice he'd give it; if a beast was sick he'd glory in curin' it; he'd lend ye anythin' he had, from a plough to a hatchet; an' no man ever went from his door wi' a slack waistcoat.

"But t'other—that's Ned—wasn't like that, aw, divil a bit. He was middle-sized an' dark, an' thin o' the face, an' none too free with his money or his company; he'd owe a grudge against his own father an' keep it till he paid it, an' he had a temper, a black-blooded ugly temper, that came surely to him from some ould Saxon cut-throat. Ay, he was dark, was Ned. You'd never know how to take him. He couldn't look ye straight in the face. He never went to a hunt, or played cards, or stood ye a drink, or tried to make himself agreeable; he'd walk a mile wi' ye an' never open his lips, an' hardly ever did a laugh rattle in his throat. . . . An' yet there was good in him," said Dennis, and looked thoughtfully at his boots. "Aw sure there was . . . only 'twas a day's journey to find it.

"Well, sir, the two o' them buries the father; gives him an' the mother a fine tombstone wi' railin's round it beyond in Leck graveyard, an' settles down in the big house above. They had room enough, Lord knows, with all them rooms an' halls an' passages, an' work enough in all them fields; an' for a while things went swimmin' with them. They were what you'd call gentlemen farmers; these kind that believe in workin' with their eyes an' wits an' keepin' their hands in their pockets. You'd never find one o' them at the tail of a plough, or bendin' a hay-fork across his knee, or sittin' down to his dinner at the back of a ditch. Aw no. That wasn't their English way. They knew better than that. 'Twas out o' bed at daybreak an' away through the fields an' the dew; 'twas back to their breakfast at six, an' out again to set the men to their work; then 'twas saddle a horse an' away with Harry over the land, roamin' up an' down, here an' there; an' out after him 'd go Ned, a gun on his arm, a dog at his heels, an' not man

nor mortal wi' the ghost of a notion where he was goin'.

"No, sir; no man could fatnom Ned. You'd see Harry on the horse a mile away, an' you'd know his whereabouts by the laugh an' whistle of him; but Ned 'd come upon ye as sudden as a cat on the stairs, an' him wi' his eyes down, an' them burnin' holes in everything he'd see. Nothin' 'd escape him; an' God help the man he

ness. He liked them, an' he said he did, an' he told them so; an' sure, bein' what they are, they listened to his bleather, an' liked him back. Anyway, one did, an' it's no matter about the rest; an' it's about herself I'd now be tellin' ye."

Dennis knocked the ashes from his pipe, slowly re-filled and lit it; then lay back on his elbow, crossed his legs, and looking towards the big house went on.

"She was the daughter of one James Long, a gentleman farmer himself and a big man, in his way, that lives a mile or so beyond the road there t'other side of the railway. She had money at her back, was an only daughter; an' for the rest was a tight bouncin' lump of a lassie, wi' her share o' good looks an' ways, but as far as ever I could see, a bit too fine in the bone an' soft in the manners for your farmer's wife. Set her down at the piano, or put her on a horse, or sit her in a big armchair wi' a story-book in her hand, an' she was in her glory; but give her a big churnin' o' butter to make, or a row o' cows to milk, or ask her to lend a hand at the hay when work was throng, an' where was she? Phat! She was worse than useless; she'd muddle things, be in the way, be afraid o' soilin' her hands. She was the kind o' female I have no likin' for," said Dennis. "Her an' her like ought to be put in chairs an' fed with spoon-



"BIG, STRONG, HEARTY, GOOD-NATURED, GOOD-LOOKIN' HARRY."

found wastin' a minute. He'd hardly give ye time to light your pipe; an' if so be you'd anger him he'd flare out at ye wi' English oaths that 'd make ye gasp like a dyin' fish. But set a woman in Ned's way, be she lady or beggarwoman, an' he'd be as soft in the tongue an' bright in the eye as a draper tryin' to sell ye a suit o' clothes. Yes; women were Ned's weak-

meat. What I like to see in a woman is good temper; good willin' hands on her, a taste for the kitchen an' the pots an' pans; just that an' a good share o' health. Good looks," said Dennis, with a snort. "White hands, an' nice teeth, an' the ways of a lady! Phat! Thinkin' o' them disgusts me—disgusts me," and Dennis shot upright, set his lips, and

looked as fierce as Brian Boru.

"An' there among her suitors Miss Letty'd sit, makin' eyes at this one an' eyes at that, an' she in her fal-lals an' flounces, an' there the gomerils'd sit worshippin' her, an' glowerin' at one another, an' ready to cut throats for her sake. Ach! 'twas sickenin'. An' withal not a finger Letty'd raise in favor o' one more than t'other not a finger till one night, when who walks in an' sits down but my darlint Ned Smith. An' then was the scatterment. Then was the whillaloo through the countryside. It was just as if a hawk had dropped among the chickens. Every-where ye went the jabber was in your ears. 'Ha' ye heard the news?' this one'd say, an' take ye by the collar. 'Ha' he heard about Ned Smith an'——' 'Ach, gluck! y o u'd answer a n'

break away; an' then before you'd be another man wi' the same story; an' when you'd get home sure your ears were tired hearin' o' the way Ned scattered t'other fellows, an' the fine genteel English fashion he had o' courtin', an' the way he'd read to Letty from books, an' take her for walks in the orchard, an' the things he was buyin' for her—brooches, an' hats, an' gloves—an' the glee Letty herself was in, an' the big spirits the father was in seein' such a fine, moneyed, decent boy sitting by his fireside—sure one's ears were tired of it all, I tell ye, sick an' tired of it. Who wants to hear o' such foolery? Who but a foreigner 'd go courtin' in such fashion. Couldn't he ha' stuck his toes in the ashes like another, an' made his kaley, an' stole an odd kiss if he wanted it now an' then, instead o'——



"HE'D OWE A GRUDGE AGAINST HIS OWN FATHER. . . ."

"Ach," cried Dennis, "I can't spake o' such lunacy. It's beyond me. There's more time wasted these parts runnin' after women than'd do to plough the countryside twice over; but when it comes to your English way o' courtin' I'm only fit for cursin'. The foolishness of it! An' Ned Smith, too—Black Ned! Sure, in a way, 'twas only pure charity when, one day, Harry cast eyes on Letty, goes to see the father, takes to visitin' at Long's an' sets himself to rival the brother. 'Twas so. But sure—but sure—'twas foolish, maybe, after all. Ah, it was. Think o' what came of it," said Dennis, and wagged his head dolefully. "Look round ye an' see what came of it. Look at the bare rafters up there, an' the tumbled offices, an' the bare fields. An' all because one day Harry Smith cast eyes on a woman an' set himself

to rival the brother! Isn't it powerful to the world the strange way things are managed in it? Isn't woeful curious that women can do such things, an' men be such fools? An' doesn't strike ye as curious, too, when ye consider all the females that's scattered over a countryside, that two brothers must cast their eyes on the same woman, an' fall to courtin' her, an' fall to treatin' each other as if they were strangers—ay' an' worse than strangers? Eh," asked Dennis, "what d'ye think yourself?"

"I think with you, Dennis," said I. "It is curious—perhaps a little more than that."

"Ay," said Dennis. "Well, we'll leave it there, then, for there's no use in talkin'. Maybe 'twas Providence ordered things; maybe 'twas only chance sent Harry to Long's; maybe 'twas the devil himself; anyway, he came, an' that's enough, an' that was the beginnin' o' sport."

"Talk? The country was buzzin' with it inside a week. 'Sure the queerest thing it is,' ye heard from everyone; 'the strangest thing in the world. Think o' the two Smiths after the one girl—think o' one brother tryin' to oust t'other—think o' me darlint Letty sittin' yonder, wi' glowerin' Ned this side of her an' laughin' Harry t'other side, an' them as keen to outdo one another as if they were biddin' for the same horse at a fair! An' listen', they'd say to ye an' look at ye that knowin', 'there'll be sport afore all's over, an' there'll be murder as sure as Heaven's above ye, if so be Harry wins. There will, I tell ye. An' listen: It'll not be Harry that'll give the blow, an' it'll not be Ned that'll win. Is it Ned Smith win, black-faced Ned? Ah, not at all; not at all. But wait! There'll be sport as sure as the sun's shinin', or the devil isn't sittin' in Ned Smith's eyes for nothin'."

"That was how the people talked; an' maybe they had reason. Anyhow, they had plenty to go on; for wasn't the whole play-actin' goin' on there before their eyes. Couldn't they see Ned steppin' off after dusk—an' him bound for Long's? Couldn't they hear the tramp o' Harry's horse most evenin's—an' it off for Long's? Couldn't this one see this for himself, an' that one that; an', for the rest, hadn't ye only to meet Ned any evenin' an' look in his face to see trouble in his eyes? Ah, to be sure. An', Lord knows, 'twas hard not to pity him. For what chance had he

against Harry from the very first day? Chance! About as much as a terrier has against a bulldog. Chance! He had none. Is it against big, strong, hearty, good-natured, good-lookin' Harry; an' him the eldest; an' him a magistrate; an' him wi' most money; an' him the finest natch from top to toe that stepped in County Meath? Phew! It's ridiculous to think of it. A blind woman 'd choose Harry from a houseful o' Neds. She had only to hear him laugh, or lay her hand on his shoulder, or sit listenin' to him one night by the fire, an' the thing was done. Ay, done.

"An' Letty wasn't blind, nor the father, nor one of his kind. Ah, 'deed they weren't. They knew how many ha'pence made a penny, an' how to cut a meadow when the sky was blue; an' so it happened just as everyone expected, for one day word came that Ned was out on the step, an' Harry inside in the hall, an' Letty at Harry's side an' the fox of a father blessin' them. An', God knows, for myself, I pitied the poor devil of a Ned; for he had his good points, an' was first in the field, an' the brother did the mean thing an' the unnatural thing to come steppin' between him an' his girl. 'Twas the chances o' war, I know; still, God knows, I pitied the white face o' him first time I met him after his downfall. I did," said Dennis. "God knows I did."

"He took it ill, as bad as ever man did; not in an open, blusterin', damn your eyes kind o' way—the way, you'll understand, men take such things in these parts—but just as if you'd bled the blood from him, or killed the heart in him, or cut him with insults to the very quick. The day ould Long refused him Letty, he just rose from his chair, took down his hat, an' wi' his face like ashes, walked out wi'out a word, an' home. An' that night he didn't speak, nor the next day, an' hardly a word for weeks; an' when Harry comes to him wi' his hand out, an' the cheerful word on his tongue, an' him askin' for forgiveness, Ned just shivered in his boots, wheeled round, an' marched off to the fields. Nothin' 'd make him laugh. He avoided everyone. The only thing he'd speak to or look at was the dog. If Harry met him he'd turn his head an' pass; if he'd speak Ned 'd nod an' tighten his lips. He had his meals by himself. He went about like a ghost, his head down, his hands behind him, an' his eyes burnin'. . . . An'.



"AN' THERE AMONG HER SUITORS MISS LETTY 'D SIT MAKIN' EYES AT THIS ONE, AND EYES AT THAT. . . ."

God knows, I pitied him. He was foolish an' hard to understand, an' sure no woman ever born was worth such sufferin'; for all that I was sorry for the boy, an' there wasn't a woman in the county but cried bitter tears for him, an' not a man but was angry with Harry in his heart. But if ye spoke to Harry, an' some of us did, too, he'd only laugh at ye; an' if ye dared pity Ned he'd stare at ye; an' so things went on.

"Twas a great weddin'—the finest thing o' the kind I ever set eyes on. People came from all parts to it, from Dublin, the North, sorrow knows where. There were as many carriages, with prancin' horses, an' the drivers sportin' bookays in their coats, as you'd see at the funeral of a landlord. Outside the church was a crowd as big as it was election day. An' there was herself all muslin and flowers; an' there was Harry in his coat wi' skirts to it; an' there were the beautiful bridesmaids, an' the ould father in his white hat, an' the friends in their Sunday best—an odious fine gatherin' entirely. But there was no Ned, not a sight of him; an' we all nudged

each other at that. 'Where's Ned?' we'd say, wi' our eyes on the carriages. 'Where's Ned?' An' the women 'd wipe their eyes an' say: 'Ah, the poor creature; the poor unfortunate creature!' An' if some of us muttered a word of a curse, may God who knows what happened afterwards, forgive us.

"Sure it must ha' been hard on the boy; it must. To wake up an' think, 'She'll be married the day; to see Harry steppin' off in his grandeur an' know where he was goin'; to look at his watch an' think, 'She's marryin' now; to sit up yonder in his room an' know that the knives an' forks were clatterin' in Long's parlor, an' the corks poppin' an' everyone laughin' an' speechifyin'; to hear at last the carriage come back, an' Harry runnin' up the stairs an' knockin' at the door, an' then Letty the wife knockin' an' savin': 'Ned, Ned, won't ye speak to me? Won't ye wish us well?' an' him to sit there an' never answer or stir; then, in the end, to look out o' the window an' see them drivin' off to the honeymoon—sure, aw sure, for a man like Ned to have to pass such a day, must ha'

been Purgatory itself. It must. The foolish boy. An' yet, God knows, when I heard all I pitied him. Ah, I did.

"Anyway, the weddin' passed, an' the honeymoon, an' then one day home comes Letty as Mrs. Smith an' settles down as mistress in the big house. She did it well; carried the thing off, they say, as if she was English born and used all her life to grandeur; went laughin' and singin' about the house, made herself agreeable to the servants an' everyone—ay, to everyone but Ned. No; she couldn't charm Ned, for he wouldn't come near her. If she'd slip into a room when he was there he'd walk out; if he met her outside he'd raise his hat an' pass on; when meals were ready he'd stay away; an' do what Harry might he couldn't get Ned to forgive him or make it up wi' the wife. No. It was just wi' Ned as if Letty wasn't there at all, or the brother had disgraced the name by marryin' a beggarwoman. He'd recognize her in no form or fashion. He'd have no dealin's wi' Harry more than if he'd been the common hangman. 'Twas the talk o' the country. 'Think o' the wasp's nest that's above in the big house,' we used to say. 'What in glory's name'll come of it all?' we'd ask. 'What'll Harry do? What's brewin' back there behind Ned's eyes? How can Letty stand such a life?' we'd ask; and then, just like that," and Dennis clapped his hands, "comes word that Letty'd settled it all; just stepped up to Ned one day, put her hands on his shoulders, looked in his eyes, said a word or two—an' the thing was done. Ay, the thing was done. Ned was changed. Him an' Letty were friends at last.

"Anyway, after that things settled down. People turned their eyes to their own affairs, maybe 'twas time, too, an' let the Smiths alone. Everything seemed goin' well at the big house. An' odd word o' scandal ye heard now an' then; but sure that's of no account in a country-side. Ye met Harry in fair or market, an' he was much the same; maybe a wee thing too fat, an' red in the face, an' worried lookin' at times; but nothin' to make ye stand and stare at him. Ye had sight o' Letty drivin' to church, or the father's, an' she was just as well-dressed, an' good lookin', an' genteel as ever. If ye met Ned on the road, an' looked hard at him, an' passed the time o' day, you'd say to yourself: 'Well, good luck to ye, Ned Smith, but it's well you've got over your troubles con-

siderin' all the capers ye cut!'

"The servants an' one an' another about the house gave out that the husband an' wife were good friends enough (as good as you'd expect any man an' woman to be after a month or so), an' Ned an' the wife on the best o' terms; an' the brothers themselves as civil in their ways as could be expected. Everything, to all appearance, was goin' on as smooth as milk; when, just as sudden as the wind raisin' at sunset, comes word that Ned an' Harry had quarreled one night, an' fought like devils, an' called each other all the names in the dictionary, an' smashed nearly all the chairs in the room, an' were only kept from black murder by Letty herself. 'Ho, ho,' says we at that; 'who says now that Ned's forgiven the brother? An' what,' says one here an' there, wi' a wink, 'was Letty doin' in the ruction? Eh? Tell me,' they'd say, an' wink again; 'd'ye think it was about herself they'd be squabblin'? Eh?' An' before we could scratch our ears for answer, word comes that Ned had packed his trunk, shook his feet at Harry, took his ticket at Leck an' gone off to England on his travels. 'An' a good thing too,' says some o' us; 'an' may he never come back.' 'An' what'd Letty do then?' says t'others an' grinned. 'Ah, wait an' see; wait an' see.' An' we waited.

"He was gone a year an' a while, an' when he came back—an', God knows, I often wondered in myself what devil sent him—things were changed a trifle in the house above. A child had come, for one thing. Letty had got well used to married ways, for another; an', as women will, had learnt maybe that there's a bitter side to the skin of a plum. Harry, too, had settled down in his shoes and taken to curious ways—drinkin' more than he wanted, card playin' o' nights at the neighbors', givin' one the notion he was fonder o' the next man's hearthstone than his own. People said, too, that there were squabbles between them, an' bad looks, an' bad temper; an' more than one said 'twas Letty that asked Ned to come back; but of all that I know nothin'. All I'd swear to is this: That when Ned did come from his travels he had plenty o' chance to carry on his divilments, an' that he took his chance, an' that before six weeks the whole country was buzzin' like a beehive, an' everywhere ye went ye heard scandal, an' jabber, an' hints, an' the sorrow knows what. 'Ha' ye heard about the Smiths?'



was the word everywhere; 'about Harry neglectin' the wife, an' Ned an' her bein' always together, an' singin' an' laughin' an' talkin' together, an' him always lookin' at her, and scowlin' at Harry, an' . . .

"Ach, what's the good o' going 'through it all?" cried Dennis, irritably. "Who can tell the truth about things? Who but themselves knew what passed between them? Who knows which o' them was to blame? Who knows whether 'twas the ould grudge against the brother, or the new feelin's for the wife, that tempted Ned? An' who but the Almighty knows the whole truth o' what passed between them on that last night of all; the night I'm now goin' to tell ye about? No child o' man knows any-way. It's folly to be guessin'. If I talked all night I might just be as far from the truth as ever. It's unknowable," said Dennis, with a shake of his head; "but it's powerful strange for all that."

"Harry was out, as usual," Dennis went on quickly, "an' the two it seems were up in the parlor singin' an' passin' the time. After a while, it appears, they fell quiet; then Ned's voice was heard ravin' an' rantin' in an unnatural kind o' way, an' Letty's askin' him for God's sake to be quiet, an' for God's sake to leave her alone. But Ned, it appears, kept on. . . . an' Letty takes to sobbin' . . . all of a sudden calls out: 'No, no, no, Ned; don't go. Ned; don't go;' an' with that the door opens. Ned comes out, an' down the hall, an' out through the kitchen into the yard. An' after him, inside a minute, comes Letty; only she takes a shawl, wraps it round her head, turns through the front door, an' as fast as she could go comes straight

down the hill there straight in front of us.

"I've often sat me down just where I'm sittin' now," Dennis went on, "an' shut my eyes an' seen it all as plain as if I'd been watchin' it. You'll imagine a dark night, in early spring, after a time o' heavy rains. The stream there is full to the brim, an' runnin' like a millrace; the trees are as bare as scaffold poles; the grass is short and slippery; there's a mist lyin' all along the valley here, an' there's not a sound or



"TIES IT LOW DOWN AND TIGHT."

a stir more than if the world was empty. Now, lift your eyes an' you'll see Letty comin' down the hill, wi' the shawl over her head, an' her pantin' an' slippin' an' all frightened like; comin' on to the plank there, crossin' 'it in her timid woman's way an' passin' on through the fields at your back. Ye wait awhile, wonderin' where she's goin', then raise your eyes again an' see Ned comin' in her steps, his face like the devil's, a dark lantern in one hand an'

a rope in the other. He comes on, an' on, an' on; crosses the plank, too; sets the lantern on the bank there, just about where you're sittin', looks here an' there about him, listens for a while, then lights the lantern, an' quick an' sudden begins unwindin' the coil of rope from his arm. Am I tellin' it right?" asked Dennis. "Can ye see it all?"

"Clearly," answered I. "But go on, my son, go on."

"Well, sir, he takes one end o' the rope an' ties it to the tree over there beyond the plank. Ties it low down, an' tight. Then comes this side o' the plank an' winds t'other end round the foot o' that tree, pulls on it hard an' knots it—an' there's the rope stretched taut about six inches from the ground, just over the end o' the plank. Can ye see it? Ye can. Well, now, can ye imagine the devil's caper he's after? Eh? Ye can't. Well, look hard at the rope, an' then imagine yourself to be Harry comin' home in the dark, your hands in your pockets, a drop o' drink in your stomach, an' you catchin' your toe in somethin' just as ye made to step on the plank. Eh? Ye understand now? It's a kind o' shivery to think of it, isn't it? Ah, my God, but it is! Man, but I've been through it often—often an' often."

"An' there's Ned standin' lookin' at it wi' a grin on his devil's face. Ah, what possessed him that night? How could he even come to think o' such a thing? His own flesh and blood—his own brother—his own brother Harry! Was it the old grudge against him that had been growin' darker an' darker all those months; or was it a sudden madness o' the brain, or did Satan tempt him; or was it all because o' Letty, the old feelin's for her, an' the new, an' the regard he had for her? What was it? Ah, sirs, sirs! Who knows? Who knows? It's beyond me. It's unknowable. But, no matter now; no matter now; let's get it over, for God's sake. Sit ye back now, I'd ask ye, and clear the way for Harry. But keep your eye on Ned. Look. He puts his foot on the rope an' tries it, smiles to himself, lifts the lantern an' blows it out; then walks conny to the hazel clump over there, jousks down an' sets himself to wait like a spider in the corner of his web. Whisht! Ye can nearly hear him breathin'. Ah, the devil, the devil! He waits, an' waits. Ah, the devil! Whisht! There's a step behind us. Ah, Lord, Lord! It comes nearer an' nearer;

now it's close to us; now it's on the bank; now it's at the plank—now—ah, Lord, Lord! There's a stumble—a slip—a cry—a plunge an' a splash—another cry an' all's over. All's over, sir," moaned Dennis; then took off his hat, devoutly crossed himself, mopped his brow, and silently sat looking at the water now babbling along so peacefully.

"Go on, Dennis," I said in a little while.

"Finish, my son."

"Eh?" said he, turning. "What's that? Ah, yes. I'll finish—give me breath—I'll finish. After that there must ha' passed a good while before the devil over there stirred in the hazel clump, but at last he comes steppin' out, looks here an' there, creeps over to the bank an' stands listenin', an' listenin'. But he hears nothin'. Ah, no. Not a whisper; not a splash. He walks along the bank toward the bridge an' peeps here an' there through the willows; then comes back hurryin', lights the lantern again, puts it near the rope an' begins loosenin' the knot. He fumbles, for his hands are tremblin'. Maybe he swears an oath; may be he— But whisht! Is that a foot? He turns his head an' listens. Whisht! It is a foot. He twists round with his back to the lantern; some one shouts; he jumps as if a shot had hit him—and there's Harry; yes, Harry himself! Wait now. Hear me out, I'm nearly done. Not a word can Ned say—not one. Just like a post he stands there, not a move in him, an' the eyes starin' in his head. Harry walks up to him."

"Well, Ned," says he, or words like that; 'you'll be out late?'

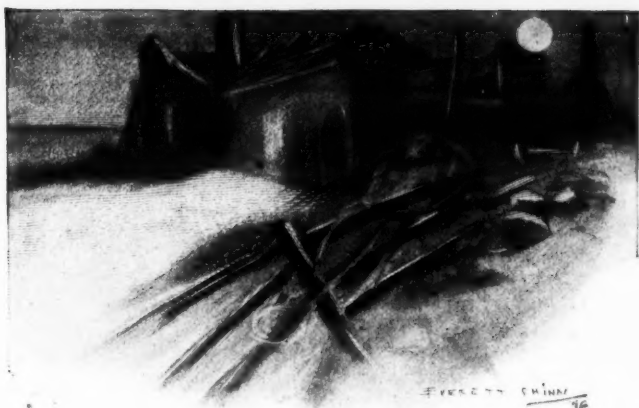
"But Ned stands speechless."

"Were ye waitin' for me, Ned? Harry goes on, or words like that. 'Some one told me ye might have somethin' to say to me on my way home.'

"Not a word from Ned."

"What d'ye want wi' the lantern, Ned?" asks Harry; an' looks down, an' catches sight o' the rope. He stoops an' pulls at it; then raises himself an' looks Ned in the eyes. 'Ah, ye devil, ye,' says he; 'this is what you'd be after. This is what you've been keepin' in store for me. Ah, my God, that it should come to this! You—you! This is what you'd be doin',' says Harry. 'This is what she came to warn me about. She knew ye; she guessed—' An' at the word Ned speaks.

"She," he shouts. 'She! Who—who—who?'



“ . . FLITTERIN’ ABOUT HERE AT NIGHT UP AN’ DOWN,  
UP AN’ DOWN. . . ”

“An’ for answer Harry stands back an’ hits Ned full in the forehead, an’ stretches him along the bank there at your feet; then steps across the rope, along the plank an’ away uphill home to find the wife. But he didn’t find her. Ah, no; not for hours did he find her, an’ then ’t was lyin’ in the river there with her clothes tangled in a branch. Ah, dear Lord; dear Lord!”

Dennis rose, stretched himself, and began tapping his pipe-head on his hand.

“So now you’ll be knowin’,” he continued, “why it comes that the house above——” I rose and took Dennis by the arm.

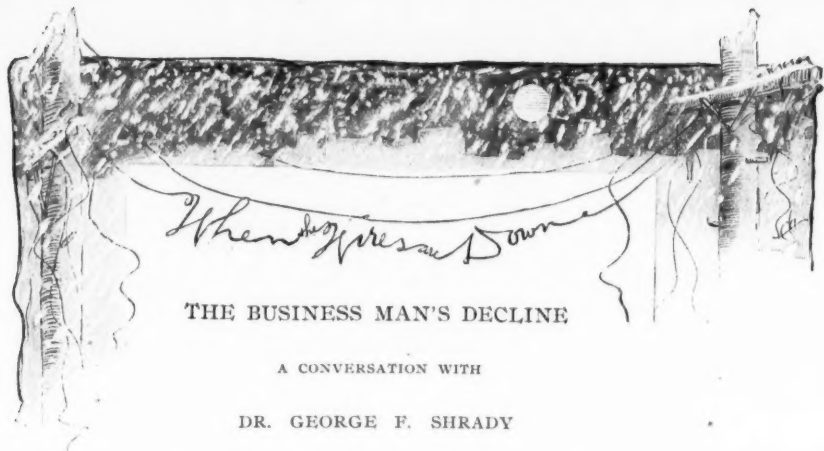
“Easy, Dennis,” said I; “easy, my son. Tell me all. Had she been to warn Harry?”

“Ah, to be sure she had—to be sure. She must ha’ suspected Ned of his devilments, maybe she knew, maybe she didn’t. Who knows? Anyway, she did her best; ah, God help her, she did.”

“And Ned?” said I.

“He got over it,” answered Dennis, “in a kind of a way. He lay on his back rav-

in’ an’ jumpin’ for weeks an’ weeks; an’ when the fit passed he was only a wreck—no memory an’ little wits. Maybe ’twas God’s mercy, maybe ’twas a kind of punishment. Anyway, that was the end o’ Ned. An’ there’s the end o’ it all,” said Dennis, pointing towards the house and looking round the fields; “ruin and desolation—ruin and desolation. Ah, sirs, to think o’ it all! The fine place it once was. An’ now, an’ now? Why? ye ask. Heaven above, haven’t I told ye. Isn’t there blood on it—an’ a curse? Didn’t Harry throw up the land before six months an’ take Ned off to England? Didn’t the next man keep it less than a year, an’ lose half his cattle with a murrain, an’ half his crop in a tempest? Didn’t the next man break his neck at a fox hunt? an’ the man after him lose a child in that very river, an’ have to do his own labor for want o’ man or woman to help him? An’ for the rest, doesn’t the ghost of herself—God be wi’ her!—go flitterin’ about here at night up an’ down, up an’ down. Ah, come away,” cried Dennis, “come away. It makes me sweat to think o’ it.”



## THE BUSINESS MAN'S DECLINE

A CONVERSATION WITH

DR. GEORGE F. SHRADY

"He has hooked himself on to the telephone and the telegraph and the stock ticker, and the inpour of information over the wires is telling on his nerves. His vital battery wasn't calculated to keep so many wires in trim. It is the centre of too much activity, and his nerves are getting thin. His doctor is no more than a lineman, who is called in when the wires are down. With our business men they are down most of the time. It's getting worse and worse."

The conversation concerned the strain on the present day business man, and why he breaks down, and it was Dr. George F. Shradly talking.

"You often find," he went on, "when something breaks about a machine, that the part broken was not worn. It was good for years and years yet with proper usage, but a strain was put on it. There was a breakage without wear. Now in my professional career I have found that to be so with many patients. They are nearly all prosperous merchants—men tied up in endless affairs. They have fine physiques and sound organs, but all of a sudden they are candidates for medical examination. The walls of every physician's office could tell some important tales on this line, I assure you," he said. "Fine men dying and the weakest thing about them their judgment of their own capacity. That was the thing that killed them and they know it. The doctor often gives some of them bitter advice straight from the logic of things and they have gone out broken and hopeless men."

"You think they want to do too much themselves?"

"Think nothing; I know it! They want to do all themselves, and share nothing; get all the glory and keep it in the family, and they always want to do a little more than they can."

"The trouble with the business men is that they are hot at the axle. There is no cooling off. The machinery is going all the time. It's all right to make it go a reasonable time each day. Hard work never killed any one. It doesn't even wear things out fast, but it's the running constantly, the overstrain of one part, that causes the trouble. Something breaks and all for the want of rest—for a short period in which to cool off. That's what these strained, overheated nerves need—just a little time each day to cool off. What would become of the machinery of our ocean liners if the monsters did not cool off every time they come in port?"

"Men don't often consider the need of regular relaxation. They're going to cool off later on in life, and they think they can run along well enough until that time. They struggle toward an aim, and wear themselves out, and just when they are most tired and even inclined to relax, why then it often happens that some special opportunity presents itself, or some special need of meeting a strain in an unexpected quarter appears, and thought of rest vanishes."

"I can't let up now," they say. 'By George! I must do this one thing more. It will only take a little while, and if I

don't do it now I never will have a chance again. I'll get this thing and then I'll rest.' And so they add the extra strain to the old fatigue. They go on a little bit further, and the whole nervous system adjusts itself to a poorer key and shorter rations of sleep. They begin to count their dogged indifference as ability for 'standing it' and they think their reduced condition is normal and that beyond other men they are exceptions; wholly unconscious how near they are to the snapping point. It's all misguided confidence and a longing for standing, and a poor knowledge of what their body is."

"Isn't there anything that a man can

do that will keep him from breaking down under a business strain?"

"Nothing except avoiding the strain. If you could change the conditions of trade you might relieve the merchant, but he would complain more over that than he does over his early break-down. Every year it's a more exciting chase for everybody—doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief. The moment a man gets a start, people run after him; he gets an exaggerated idea of his importance, he sees himself becoming a centre of great activity and glories in it. There is always a motive force stirring him on, but once he is under way the thing becomes awfully important. He

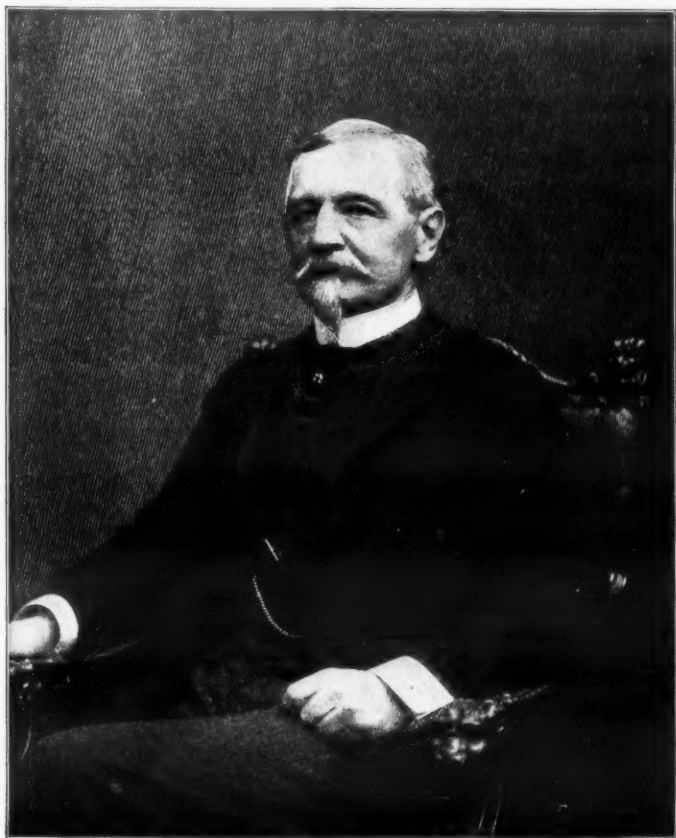


Photo by Aime Dupont.

DR. GEORGE F. SHRADY.



" 'I CAN'T LET UP NOW,' HE SAID, 'I MUST DO THIS ONE THING MORE.' "

must always have more and more, and he isn't going to stop for rest until he gets it.

"One of the commonplace examples of this happened last week. A messenger came from a well-known financier—a man who has nearly a million. Mr. A. — was ill. There he was among his fine carved furniture, his bric-a-brac and rich hangings, limp and pale as a ghost.

" 'What's the matter?' I said.

" 'Well, I don't know, doctor; I'm nervous and I haven't got any appetite.' "

" 'Been overworking?' "

" 'Some. Times are a little tight in Wall street.' "

" 'What time did you go to bed last night?' "

" 'Well, not very early. I had to go with my wife to a reception.' "

" 'What time did you get to bed the night before?' "

" 'Not very early either, then. There was that Republican banquet at the Union League.' "

" 'Been on 'Change lately?' "

" 'All the time, doctor. It's been par-

ticularly exciting of late. I have a big deal on hand.' "

" 'How long have you been engineering it?' "

" 'Four weeks.' "

" 'And how much do you expect to make out of it?' "

" 'Perhaps \$25,000.' "

" 'Well, you see what condition you're in. You can't carry that through, and do the society side, too. Now, my advice to you is to drop this deal and go off for a rest.' "

" 'Oh, I can't do that, doctor. You must give me something to pull me through and then I'll go.' "

" 'You're only fooling with death,' I said. 'You don't need that \$25,000 half as bad as you need relaxation.' "

" 'Well, doctor, you fix me up now and I'll take the rest later.' "

" 'So I left him. He didn't stop his deal and he didn't rest any, and consequently when a cold caught him a few days later he laid down and died, and then he didn't have anything. Now, that man was not



unsound physically. The trouble with him was that he was unsound mentally. There wasn't anything you could do for that reason of his. He was a mono—or I might say, money-maniac, and there's no cure for that."

"Then you have no cure to offer?"

"There is no medicine that can cure a man against his own will. You can't fill a barrel at the spigot if the bung is out, and with our great business hustler, who has set his heart on being as rich as his richest neighbor, the bung is out. These men who die from overwork set the pace, and the others must keep up with them or fail. There are always a few pacemakers who are off for a quick death, and the whole business community is hot on their trail. The quick money idea becomes contagious and the ambitious business man gets it badly."

"You say, then, that greed for money is what ails the modern business man, and that there is no cure?"

"That is the surface cause, and there is

a cure, but the whole medical profession is not great enough to apply it."

"Well, if greed is only the surface cause, what is the chief cause?"

"When a man gets above his necessities he aims for luxuries, and one of his most powerful of stimulants for these is the vanity of women."

"What!"

"Exactly. The vanity of women. The average man's greed for money is usually centered in that."

"How about a man's love of show himself?"

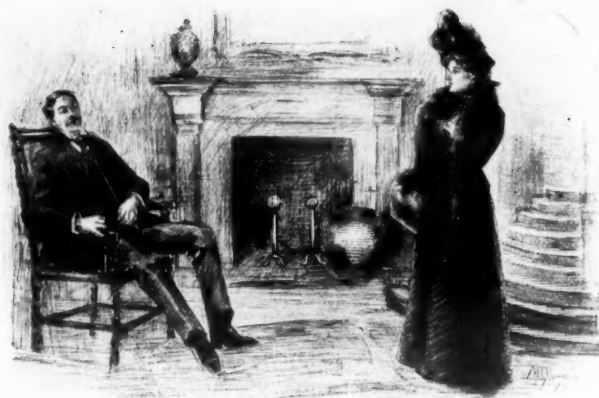
"The race of men is not generally afflicted that way. You take the too ambitious wife out of the question and man will do simply and comfortably enough. I'll venture to say that if you could eliminate the vanity of women now, completely, as an element in life, the business struggle and strain would be markedly relaxed."

"Men would slow up and take things easier?"

"Indeed they would. The plainest kind of fare would serve almost any man.



"PROOF! PROOF! HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN TWENTY-THIRD STREET?"



"'WELL, I'VE BEEN ON 'CHANGE ALL DAY. STOCKS ARE DOWN.'"

He wouldn't think of fighting and struggling for himself, because he doesn't consider himself worth it. It's only because he thinks some woman is that he works so hard."

"And where is your proof of this?"

"Proof! Proof! Have you ever been in Twenty-third street? Have you gone up Sixth avenue? Tell me what all these stores contain! Things that men use? Never! The whole shopping district is jammed with buildings, crowded with material used by women. What do all the jewelry stores represent? How about all the milliners, the cloak makers, the lace and ribbon houses? Did you ever think to ask a photographer how many women come to have their pictures taken, and how many men? The proportion is from ten or twenty to one. Did you ever go in a theatre at night and estimate the proportion of women to men? Three to one, every time. Did you ever look at a crowded thoroughfare. There are always more women than men, and the difference in what they wear is enormous. Most of the men have old or simple clothes, while my lady waltzes by with enough on to clothe ten millionaires comfortably for six months. It is mostly vanity with women, and that's what's the matter with the modern business man."

"But there must be extenuating circumstances?"

"Attenuating, you mean. No! What

they want a new diamond cluster, or they have just seen Mrs. Hollister Ormewood wearing an exquisite dress, and they're going to outdo the hateful thing. The result is that the poor man down town is wheedled out of more money, and consequently works the more.

"Yes, that's the thing that drives him on. He has got to do it for his own heart's sake, though he doesn't understand why. He goes on 'Change and struggles like an animal, looking for stocks to buy advantageously. A few minutes for lunch, or none at all, is good enough for him when his temperature is up and the market uncertain. He's got to be there, and there he is, pushing, shouting, wearing himself out until he looks a sight, and then the gong rings. Well, the coach is outside and he gets in that. Up at the house his wife is coming in:

"'Where have you been?'

"'Well, I've been on 'Change all day. Stocks are down.'

"'Your coat's wrinkled.'

"'Yes, I know it.'

"'And your collar's wilted.'

"'Yes, I know that. I'm going upstairs to rest. Where have you been?'

"'Oh, I've made fifteen calls this afternoon, and I'm almost worn out. Now, I've got to dress for the ball. You won't forget, dear?'

"'What ball?'

I say is the bitter truth. The great mansions of New York are built mostly to please the women, to add to their comforts and make them contented and happy. My friend who died wanted the extra \$25,000 because his wife was urging him to distinction. She was anxious to lord it over Mrs. James Towne Smith or some such person, and needed a diamond stomacher to do it with. Usually

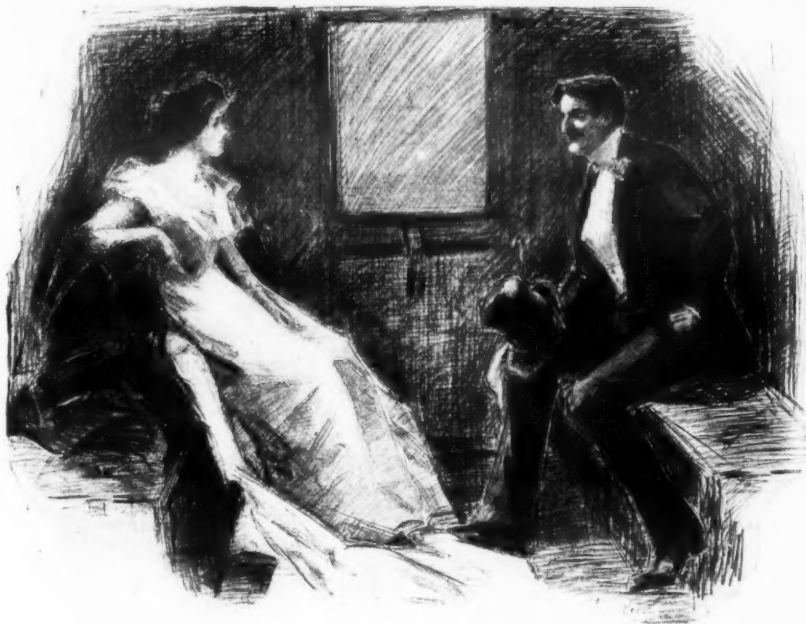
"Why, the Van Morgan's, don't you remember?"

"Oh, Lord, yes. Better hurry up the dinner."

"So there comes a rush on the dinner question, and they toil to dress again, and then there's another coach ride, and a long evening of boring and small talk, and around about 11 they are off for home again. They feel limp in the carriage and stare at each other irritably. Then they stir out the next day for another round and

He's the most good-natured of savages. Give him the right kind of a woman and they are in great plenty everywhere, and he goes along as simple and generous as anybody could wish and merry as a lark. There is the greatest possible difference between being a help-meet and a hindrance.

"Why, I know a great wholesale merchant down town who works from nine in the morning until half-past five every day, watching his subordinates, dictating



"THEN THERE'S ANOTHER COACH RIDE."

wonder why they have a headache, and what causes headaches, anyhow, and all the time they're reducing their physical level, and growing old, even in the very teeth of youth."

"What can be done?"

"Nothing; unless you change the general order of things. The extravagant women are at the bottom of the business. They are filled with an idea that all this show is worth something and that it's a great thing to triumph over some one else. A man don't naturally care for such things.

letters to his principal dealers, and carrying on the routine of a sack and barrel trade, and he is worth over a million dollars. Now this man has a brilliant wife with ambitions. She has a house in the country and a house in the city, and servants and carriages, and a great visiting list, for which my good friend pays the freight. Now I know from talking with him that he doesn't care for these things at all, but prefers to come home at night, read the paper, smoke a cigar and go to bed. Yet this woman has the house filled

with guests. There are the great of half a dozen professions called in to adorn the place, and there are dinners, and parties, and balls, and what not, though my good wholesale man doesn't dance and isn't good at conversation. Yet he countenances all these things for her, he pays for the flowers which he never smells, the jewelry which he never wears, the meals which he never eats and the wine he never drinks. There are all kinds of heavy expenses, and he never even discusses them. For all the expenses of coaches he seldom rides in one. His son dresses liberally because it is the wife's wish that he should, and he hangs around the Waldorf-Astoria with a social company of the elect and spends money freely. There is a constant drain and show, and a talk in the newspapers. My friend gets credit for pride and dignity and indifference and heavens knows what all, when he isn't guilty of any of these. He is a simple, plain man. And that's the vanity of one charming little woman who is very dear to him in more ways than one.

"Every one knows that all women are not thus. It is only for the sake of the argument we assume that the inordinate ambition and foolish vanity of most wives of prosperous business men are the main incentives for much of the over-work and strain of which we speak. There are thousands of good wives over the land who are reasonable, considerate and contented, and who never wish for more than their husbands can afford without extra strain or extra work. You have one such and so have I. All we can do under the circumstances is to congratulate ourselves and pity the other chaps.

"After all, when we come to think of the matter in the cold abstract, the real necessities of life are very simple and very few. We work hardest of all for our luxuries.

"I remember this idea was once most forcibly presented to me for practical consideration. I was driving my team near my country home, when a well-dressed fellow asked me to take him up for a way. It was perfectly plain that he did not know me, and I was glad to accommodate him. He assumed a patronizing air and hailed me as John, thinking I was the coachman.

"Live around here?" he said.

"Yes. In the house above there."

"Dr. Shrady's, eh? Work for him?"

"Yes."

"So I thought. What do you do?"

"Well, I take care of him, more or less."

"Old man, eh?"

"Oh, not very. Man about my age."

"Cripple?"

"No."

"What do you mean by 'care of him?'"

"Well, I wash, dress and feed him and drive around with him."

"Must be a lazy cuss?"

"Well, he is, I think."

"Good man to work for?"

"Oh, moderately. He treats me well enough."

"How much does he give you?"

"Board and lodging, clothes and washing."

"That all? Pretty stingy, isn't he? Almost anybody would give you better pay than that."

"Some might call him that. He takes me to some show or other, now and again."

"Going anywhere?"

"Nowhere, only exercising the horses."

"Let's you drive around, eh?"

"Yes. He lets me take the carriage now and then, when the other members of the family aren't using it."

"Must be a queer fellow."

"He is, I think."

"Well, here's where I get out, John. Much obliged for the ride."

"Don't mention it."

"I won't. So long."

"So long!"

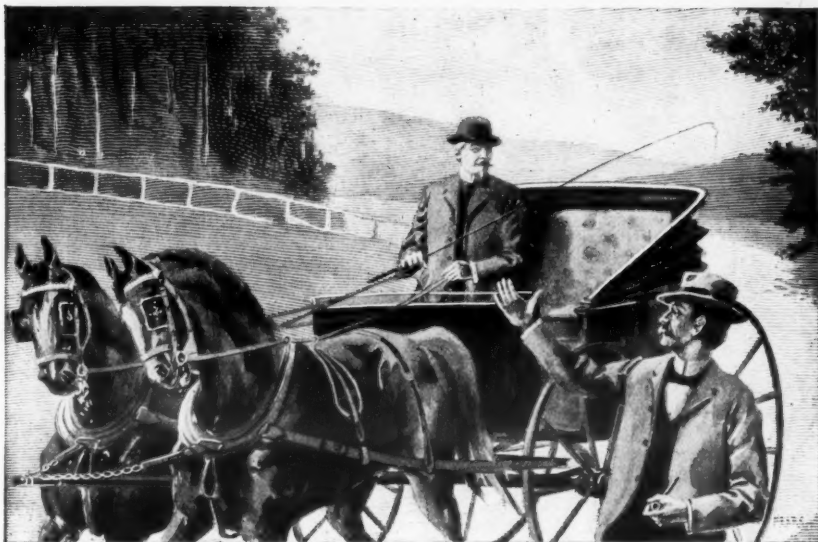
"Say," I called after him. "Don't tell any one I took you up. As a rule the doctor don't allow me, and I wouldn't like him to hear of it."

"Oh, that's all right, John, I won't. So long."

"Then I watched him going away, and I sat there with a kind of mental light streaming in on me. It seemed more real than a joke. 'I do wash and dress Dr. Shrady,' I said to myself, 'I get board and lodging, my clothes and some amusement. He let's me drive his carriage. For that I work pretty hard. By George! it is almost the truest thing I have said in years.'"

"And yet you toil right along, just as these business men, for all that you say you get so little."

"Exactly. I do it at times—not always. I can understand the business man's pre-



"'SAY,' I CALLED AFTER HIM, 'DON'T TELL ANYONE I TOOK YOU UP.'"

dicament, how he comes to overstrain himself and break down.

"I know how he comes to do it. I do it sometimes myself. I'm like the judge who heard all the evidence against the burglar that was up before him for blowing up a safe. The counsel for the defense introduced all kinds of evidence, which proved that such a safe couldn't be blown up that way, that it was absolutely impossible to do it; and yet the judge pronounced the prisoner guilty and sentenced him to ten years.

"'Why, judge,' said the lawyer. 'How could you rule that way? Wasn't all the evidence there to prove'—"

"'I know all about the evidence,' he answered; but there's no use talking about that. Why, I've done it myself.'

"So I know just what the business man does and how he does it, for I've done it myself, and that's the best evidence."

"Here is a case in point of an over-worked professional man, a friend of mine who gave me substantially this account of himself:

"Only Thursday night," he said. "I was called out of town in consultation. I left at six p. m., after a hard day's work, got a small lunch at the country hotel when I

arrived, conferred with my friend, and by the time we had settled what course to follow, it was midnight. I said 'I'll finish this operation in the morning, get home and go to bed early to-morrow night.' In the morning I did conclude the operation and caught the 10.30 train for the city. Then I had to put off my lunch because patients were waiting, and it was my regular hour for receiving. When they were disposed of, I found by my memorandum book that I had just twenty minutes to eat and be on time to conduct an important operation at the hospital. When that was over I turned home, and there was a newspaper man waiting to get some notes on what I intended to say at the college banquet that evening. I had forgotten that. Well, I disposed of him, thought out my subject, ate my dinner and got to the banquet hall by 8:30. I intended to leave early, but I couldn't. There were professional men there, and a conference, long wanted, took place. We even continued it coming home at one, walking across the park to do so. At the house there was another reporter, an important hurry call and a telephone message to answer. All the time I was saying, 'Now, I'll do just this one thing

more and then I'll stop,' and the one thing more led to another until it was 3 o'clock before I got to bed.

"Now, you see," I said to him, "all that time the dynamo, as I might call it, was at top speed and the lights all lit. You were getting hot in the head just as a machine gets hot in the axle. Perfectly sound, of course, but under the strain something might have broken. That's the whole trouble."

"What do you do when such men who break down, call you in?"

"Order rest. I get them out of those terrible conferences about the market and away from the people who come to them with schemes. I try to get them off where people can't telegraph to them, and where they can't read the newspapers. I unhook them from the wires that are always pouring in messages to think about."

"Do you succeed in restoring them?"

"Very few. You see, it is almost impossible to get their minds out of tune with the hum of things. There is scarcely any place to send them, except upon the sea, and even there they are not long safe. I do believe they will hook cables on to ships after awhile, and drag them along so that the miserable sense of affairs may rush in and disturb the minds of men."

"Don't these vain women you speak of break down?"

"Do they? When you go into Fifth avenue next, look into the finest carriages where these hot-racing social leaders are and see. If you want to get an idea of what old means, study them. You will be astonished how old they are. Mind you, it isn't years that sits so ghastly upon them, it's worry and striving—a heart eaten with a vain ambition. We have very few old women in society, so far as years are concerned, but we have the greatest percentage of old women in so

far as actual physical condition is concerned."

"Well," I said, "if you have no remedy for all this, do you ever think it will be remedied?"

"Possibly, with a reorganization of life. If some one can scare up a cure for selfishness. This terrible vanity is simply perverted aspiration—it's ambition gone wrong. The same anxiety to pull oneself up to greater effort for others, to do the most good for a fair amount of happiness and distinction in others, would help the world wonderfully; it would make life a better place to live, but turned as it is into getting personal credit for superiority (it matters not how nor where) simply means a greater percentage of broken down people, and a larger death rate."

"Now, I could have gone on," he said, "and technically explained what ails the average business man. I could name the nerves, describe the condition of heart with long-sounding words and set forth a verbal condition which would mean very little. I could name the drugs calculated for each form of nervous ailment, the diet and so on, but it would be useless. After all, every such case is roughly a snapping of nerves, a thinning of the nervous cords that bind up the body. Its remedy is simply relaxation. Hard work is all right. It keeps everybody in trim and out of mischief, but continued thinking and yearning and looking after one thing—along one line, without regular and stated periods of rest, means death. Man is like a machine; he wants time to cool off between regular whirls of effort. Also he wants a wife who will look to his rest and not urge him on 'gainst will, 'gainst reason, in a chase which is idle, and after a superior social condition—which is a will-o'-the-wisp."







"SOMETIMES I SIT WONDERING IF I HEAR HIS SCRATCHING AT THE DOOR."

## DICK DUNKERMAN'S CAT

BY

JEROME K. JEROME

Author of "Three Men in a Boat," "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," etc., etc.

Richard Dunkerman and I had been old school fellows; if a gentleman belonging to the Upper Sixth, and arriving each morning in a "topper" and a pair of gloves, and a "discredit to the Lower Fourth," in a Scotch cap, can by any manner of means be classed together; and though in those early days a certain amount of coldness existed between us, originating in a poem, composed and sung on occasions, by myself in commemoration of an alleged painful incident connected with a certain breaking-up day, and which, if I remember rightly, ran:

Dicky, Dicky Dunk,  
Always in a funk,  
Drank a glass of sherry wine,  
And went home roaring drunk,

and kept alive by his brutal criticism of the same, expressed with the bony part of the knee, yet in after life we came to know and like each other better. I drifted into journalism, while he for years had been an unsuccessful barrister and dramatist; but

one spring, to the astonishment of us all, he brought out the play of the season, a somewhat impossible little comedy, but full of homely sentiment and belief in human nature. It was about a couple of months after its production that he first introduced me to "Pyramids Esquire."

I was in love at the time. Her name was, I think, Naomi, and I wanted to talk to somebody about her. Dick had a reputation for taking an intelligent interest in other men's love affairs. He would let a lover rave by the hour to him, taking brief notes the while in a bulky red-covered volume labeled "Commonplace Book." Of course everybody knew that he was using them merely as raw material for his dramas, but we did not mind that so long as he would only listen. I put on my hat and went round to his chambers.

We talked about different matters for a quarter of an hour or so, and then I launched forth upon my theme. I had exhausted her beauty and goodness, and was well into my own feelings—the madness of

my ever imagining I had loved before, the utter impossibility of my ever caring for any other woman, and my desire to die breathing her name—before he made a move. I thought he had risen to reach down, as usual, the Commonplace Book, and so waited; but, instead, he went to the door and opened it, and in glided one of the largest and most beautiful black tom cats I have ever seen. It sprang on Dick's knee with a soft "cur-roo," and sat there, upright, watching me; and I went on with my tale.

After a few minutes Dick interrupted me with:

"I thought you said her name was Naomi?"

"So it is," I replied. "Why?"

"Oh, nothing," he answered; "only just now you referred to her as Enid."

This was remarkable, as I had not seen Enid for years, and had quite forgotten her. Somehow it took the glitter out of the conversation. A dozen sentences later Dick stopped me again with:

"Who's Julia?"

I began to get irritated. Julia, I remembered suddenly, had been cashier in a city restaurant, and had, when I was little more than a boy, almost inveigled me into an engagement. I found myself getting

hot with the recollection of the spooney rhapsodies I had hoarsely poured into her powder-streaked ear, while holding her flabby hand behind the counter.

"Did I really say 'Julia'?" I answered, somewhat sharply, "or are you joking?"

"You certainly alluded to her as Julia," he replied, mildly; "but, never mind, you go on as you like. I shall know who you mean."

But the flame was dead within me. I tried to rekindle it, but every time I glanced up and met the green eyes of the black Tom it flickered out again. I recalled the thrill that had penetrated my whole being when Naomi's hand had accidentally touched mine in the conservatory, and wondered whether she had done it on purpose. I thought how good and sweet she was to that irritatingly silly old frump, her mother, and wondered if it really were her mother, or only hired. I pictured her crown of gold-brown hair as I had last seen it with the sunlight kissing its wanton waves, and felt I would like to be quite sure that it were all her own.

Once I clutched the flying skirt of my enthusiasm with sufficient firmness to remark that in my own private opinion a good woman was more precious than rubies; adding immediately afterwards, the words escaping me unconsciously before I was aware even of the thought, "pity it's so difficult to tell 'em."

Then I gave it up, and sat trying to remember what I had said to her the evening before, and hoping I had not committed myself.

Dick's voice roused me from my unpleasant reverie:

"No," he said, "I thought you would not be able to. None of them can."

"None of them can what?" I asked. Somehow I was feeling angry with Dick, and with Dick's cat, and with myself, and most other things.

"Why talk love or any other kind of sentiment before old Pyramids, here," he replied, stroking the cat's soft head as it rose, and arched its back.

"What's the confounded cat got to do with it?" I snapped.

"That's just what I can't tell



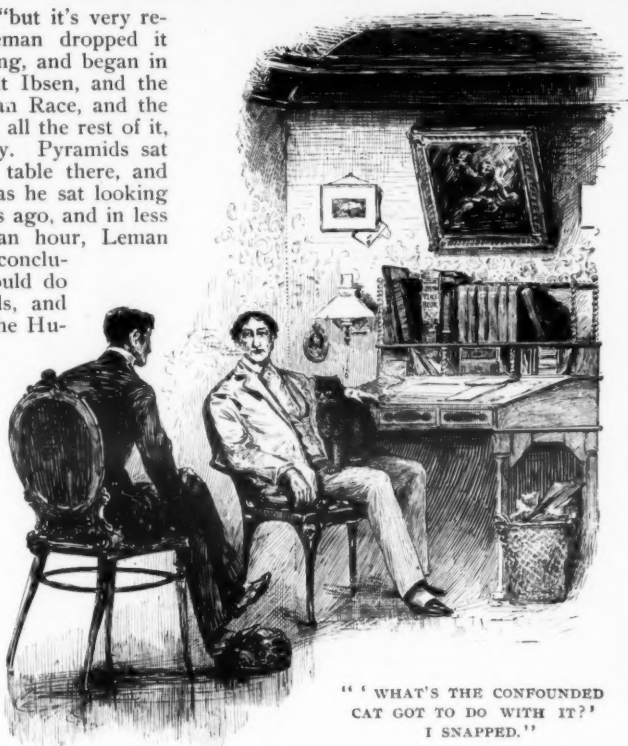
"HE HAD SUCH AN AIR OF PROPRIETORSHIP AS THOUGH HE HAD COME TO TAKE POSSESSION OF THE PLACE AND ME."

you," he answered; "but it's very remarkable. Old Lemman dropped it here the other evening, and began in his usual style about Ibsen, and the destiny of the Human Race, and the Socialistic Ideal, and all the rest of it,—you know his way. Pyramids sat on the edge of the table there, and looked at him, just as he sat looking at you a few minutes ago, and in less than a quarter of an hour, Lemman had come to the conclusion that society would do better without ideals, and that the destiny of the Human Race was in all probability the dust heap. He pushed his long hair back from his eyes, and looked for the first time in his life quite sane. 'We talk about ourselves,' he said, 'as though we were the end of creation. I get tired listening to myself sometimes. Pah!' he continued, 'for all we know the Human Race may die out utterly, and another insect take our place; as possibly we pushed out and took the place of a former race of beings. I wonder if the ant tribe may not be the future inheritors of the earth. They understand combination, and already have an extra sense that we lack. If in the course of evolution they grew bigger in brain and body, they might become powerful rivals. Who knows?' Curious to hear old Lemman talking like that, wasn't it?"

"What made you call him 'Pyramids'?" I asked of Dick.

"I don't know," he answered. "I suppose because he looked so old. The name came to me."

I leant across, and looked into the great green eyes; and the creature, never winking, never blinking, looked back into mine, until the feeling came to me that I was being drawn down into the very wells of Time. It seemed as though the panorama of the ages must have passed in re-



" 'WHAT'S THE CONFOUNDED  
CAT GOT TO DO WITH IT?'  
I SNAPPED."

view before those expressionless orbs—all the loves and hopes and desires of mankind; all the everlasting truths that had been found false; all the eternal faiths discovered to save, until it was discovered they damned. The strange, black creature grew and grew till it seemed to fill the room, and Dick and I to be but shadows floating in the air.

I forced from myself a laugh, that only in part, however, broke the spell; and inquired of Dick how he had acquired possession of it.

"It came to me," he answered, "one night, six months ago. I was down on my luck at the time. Two of my plays, on which I had built great hopes, had failed, one on top of the other—you remember them—and it appeared absurd to think that any manager would ever look at anything of mine again. Old Walcott had just told me that he did not consider it right of me, under all the circumstances,

to hold Lizzie any longer to her engagement, and that I ought to go away and give her a chance of forgetting me, and I had agreed with him. I was alone in the world, and heavily in debt. Altogether, things seemed about as hopeless as they could be; and I don't mind confessing to you now, that I had made up my mind to blow out my brains that very evening. I had loaded my revolver, and it lay before me on the desk. My hand was toying with it when I heard a faint scratching at the door. I paid no attention at first, but it grew more persistent, and at length, to stop the faint noise which excited me more than I could account for, I rose and opened the door, and it walked in.

"He had such an air of proprietorship, as though he had come to take possession of the place and of me, that I forgot myself watching him. He inspected the sitting room first, going round it as cats do, testing the softness of the carpet with his claws, sniffing at each piece of furniture, looking into each corner and crevice.

"Humph," he seemed to say to himself, 'not bad. Chairs might be a bit softer and less artistic. Old oak, good thing to sharpen one's claws on. Hearth rug's all right. Dog-grate bad—looks pretty, but throws out more smoke than heat into a room, so far as my experience goes. Well, I suppose it will do on the whole. I dare-say I'll be able to make myself comfortable here, for awhile. And what have we here?'

"He passed into the bedroom and went through much the same performance.

"Oh, so this is the bed—anything underneath it—no, never is. What on earth's this? Oh, I see, a bath—never fancied baths myself, but I suppose it takes all sorts to make a world. Boots, 'um, I've seen better. Ah, here's the window, what's the lookout like—not much of a yard, and wall's rather high; that's awkward. Where's the tiles? Surely they haven't forgotten the—oh, I see, but how very inconvenient—and a most dangerous approach. There'll be an accident here one of these days. Well, one must learn to adapt one's self.'

"Then he returned into the front room, and I offered him some milk, which he accepted. After which he perched himself upon the corner of my desk beside the loaded pistol, and sat there bolt upright looking at me; and I, pushing back my chair sat looking at him; and there came a letter telling me that a man of whose name

I had never heard had been killed by a cow in Melbourne, and that under his will a legacy of three thousand pounds fell into the estate of a distant relative of my own, who had died peacefully and utterly insolvent eighteen months previously, leaving me his sole heir and representative; and I put the revolver back into the drawer."

"Do you think Pyramids would come and stop with me for a week?" I asked, reaching over to stroke the cat, as it lay softly purring on Dick's knee.

"Maybe he will, some day," replied Dick in a low voice; but before the answer came—I know not why—I had regretted the jesting words.

"I came to talk to him as though he were a human creature," continued Dick, "and to discuss things with him. My last play I regard as a collaboration; indeed, it is far more his than mine."

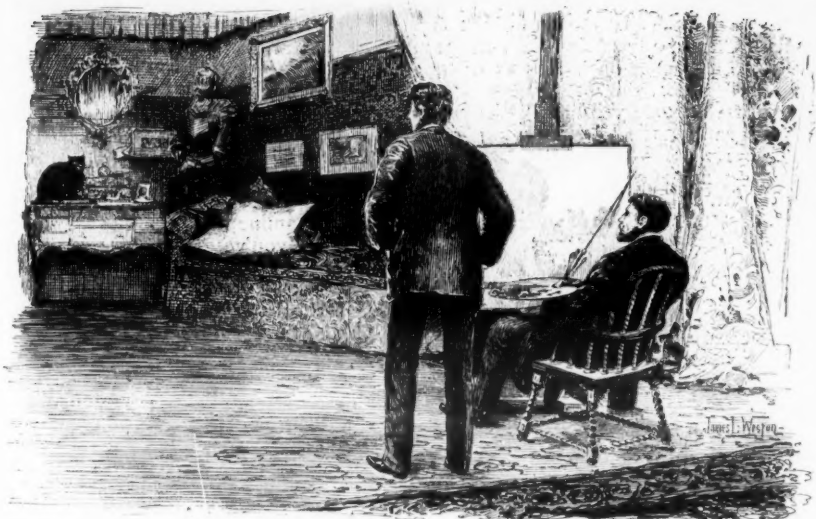
I should have thought Dick mad had not the cat been sitting there before me with its eyes looking into mine. As it was I only grew more interested in his tale.

"It was rather a cynical play as I first wrote it," he went on, "a truthful picture of a certain corner of society as I saw and knew it. From an artistic point of view I felt it was good; from the box office standard it was doubtful. I drew it from my desk on the third evening after Pyramid's advent, and read it through. He sat on the arm of the chair and looked over the pages as I turned them.

"It was the best thing I had ever written. Insight into life ran through every line. I found myself reading it again with delight. Suddenly a voice beside me said:

"Very clever, my boy; very clever indeed. If you would just turn it topsyturvy, change all those bitter, truthful speeches into noble sentiments; make your Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs (who never has been a popular character), die in the last act instead of the Yorkshireman, and let your bad woman be reformed by her love for the hero and go off somewhere by herself and be good to the poor in a black frock, the piece might be worth putting on the stage.'

"I turned indignantly to see who was speaking. The opinion sounded those of a theatrical manager. No one was in the room but I and the cat. No doubt I had been talking to myself; but the voice was



"I SAW A PAIR OF GREEN EYES . . . GLEAMING AT ME FROM A DARK CORNER OF THE STUDIO."

strange to me and full of authority. "Be reformed by her love for the hero!" I retorted, contemptuously, for I was unable to grasp the idea that I was arguing only with myself, 'why it's his mad passion for her that ruins his life.'

"And will ruin the play with the great B.P.' returned the other voice. 'The British dramatic hero has no passion, but a pure and respectful admiration for an honest, hearty English girl—pronounced "gey-rul." You don't know the canons of your art.'

"And besides,' I persisted, unheeding the interruption, 'women born and bred and soaked for thirty years in an atmosphere of sin, don't reform.'

"Well, this one's got to, that's all,' was the sneering reply, 'let her hear an organ.'

"But as an artist——,' I protested.

"You will be always unsuccessful,' was the rejoinder; 'my dear fellow, you and your plays, artistic or inartistic, will be forgotten in a very few years hence. You give the world what it wants and the world will give you what you want. Please, if you wish to live.'

"So with Pyramids beside me, day by day, I rewrote the play; and whenever I felt a thing to be utterly impossible and

false, I put it down with a grin. And every character I made to talk clap-trap sentiment while Pyramids purred; and I took care that every one of my puppets did that which was right in the eyes of the lady with the lorgnettes in the second row of the dress circle; and old Hewson says the play will run five hundred nights."

"But, what is worse," continued Dick, "is that I am not ashamed of myself, and that I seem content."

"What do you think the animal is?" I asked with a laugh, "an evil spirit?" For it had passed into the next room and so out through the open window, and its strangely still green eyes no longer drawing mine towards them, I felt my common-sense returning to me.

"You have not lived with it for six months," answered Dick, quietly, "and felt its eyes for ever on you, as I have. And I am not the only one. You know Canon Whycherly, the great preacher?"

"My knowledge of modern church history is not extensive," I replied. "I know him by name, of course. What about him?"

"He was a curate in the East End," continued Dick, "and for ten years he labored, poor and unknown, leading one of those noble, heroic lives that here and there

men do yet live, even in this age. Now he is the prophet of the fashionable up-to-date Christianity of South Kensington, drives to his pulpit behind a pair of thoroughbred Arabs, and his waistcoat is taking to itself the curved line of prosperity. He was in here the other morning on behalf of Princess ——. They are giving a performance of one of my plays in aid of the Destitute Vicars' Fund."

"And did Pyramids discourage him?" I asked, with perhaps the suggestion of a sneer.

"No," answered Dick; "so far as I could judge it approved the scheme. The point of the matter is that the moment Whycherly came into the room the cat walked over to him, and rubbed itself affectionately against his legs. He stood and stroked it.

"Oh, so it's come to you, has it?" he said, with a curious smile.

"There was no need for any further explanation between us. I understood what lay behind those few words."

I lost sight of Dick for some time, though I heard a good deal of him, for he was rapidly climbing into the position of

the most successful dramatist of the day, and Pyramids I had forgotten all about, until one afternoon, calling on an artist friend who had lately emerged from the shadows of starving struggle into the sunshine of popularity, I saw a pair of green eyes that seemed familiar to me gleaming at me from a dark corner of the studio.

"Why, surely," I exclaimed, crossing over to examine the animal more closely; "why, yes, you've got Dick Dunkerman's cat."

He raised his face from the easel and glanced across at me.

"Yes," he said; "we can't live on ideals;" and I, remembering, hastened to change the conversation.

Since then I have met Pyramids in the rooms of many friends of mine. They give him different names, but I am sure it is the same cat, I know those green eyes. He always brings them luck, but they are never quite the same men again afterwards.

Sometimes I sit wondering if I hear his scratching at the door, and my hope grows apace with years.

## WEARY

BY

T. W. HALL.

The tired heart aches  
When the sun goes down,  
Down, down in the West.

And tired life takes  
A tinge of brown;  
Grim Fortune shakes  
Her head with a frown;  
And the red glow makes  
A crumbling crown—  
The crown of a soul unblest.

The tired heart weeps,  
But never sleeps  
When the sun goes down in the West.





EDISON WORKING ON THE PHONOGRAPH.

From a bas-relief by J. E. Kelly.

## STUDIES OF PUBLIC CHARACTERS

### V.—THE REAL EDISON

BY

THEODORE WATERS

When Edison was a young man he lived in Newark, N. J., for a while. For some years previous he had wandered from place to place making records as a lighting telegrapher. At this time he had taken up the somewhat dubious business of inventing. He had planned and perfected an instrument for recording stock quotations simultaneously in many places, the now famous stock ticker. In doing so, however, he had impoverished himself. He had no money, and his landlady had somewhat ominously dunned him for room rent. One day he wrapped his invention in a newspaper and carried it to New York City, resolved to sell it for what he could get. He tramped the streets of lower New York for a long while before he could make up his mind where to offer it. When he had decided on the largest telegraph company in town his courage almost failed him, and he hesitated at the

door of the office for an hour. When he asked for the president he was told so peremptorily to state his business that he came near bolting. He was, however, ushered into the private office. Here he stated his business in so low a tone that not a word could the president understand. So he was asked to say it all over again. Instead, he laid down his parcel, spread out the wrappings, and he proceeded to operate the instrument as well as he could by hand. He became so interested that he forgot his embarrassment and began to talk volubly. The president said nothing until he had finished, and then he asked:

"Young man, did you invent this?"

"Yes."

"Have you patent papers establishing your right to it?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, leave it here until I can



"A BROAD, SMOOTH-SHAVEN FACE. . ."

show it to the boards of directors. Call in a few days and I will tell you what they think of it."

That night, when Edison returned, weary and disappointed, to his lodging house, the landlady intimated that her patience was becoming exhausted. He pacified her as best he could and went to bed hungry. He lay awake all night calling himself a fool for placing himself in the hands of sharpers. The next morning he went back to the office of the company. He waited a long time unnoticed. Through glass doors he could see the portly figure of the president moving about. The apparent indifference of every one to his presence made him lose nerve again, and when no one was looking he got out. But the next day his desperation carried him violently past those glass doors. He began to talk wildly. The president asked him to be seated and allowed him for fifteen minutes to stare at the racks of legal-looking volumes, and at the portraits of past presidents. Finally the president looked up.

"How much do you want for this invention of yours, Mr. Edison?"

Before coming in Edison had resolved to ask for five thousand dollars, but he

faltered out that he would like to have the company make an offer.

"Well," said the president, "how would forty thousand dollars suit you?"

"What!" exclaimed Edison, standing up. "Forty thousand dollars!—in money?"

"Certainly; I will give it to you now. That is, as soon as you have satisfied our attorney that the invention is yours. He is in the next room."

"All right."

An amiable little man somehow appeared to be standing in front of him. In a dazed manner he shook his hand. He proved his claim and then reappeared to the now smiling and affable president, who, previous to Edison's appearance that day, resolved on a price, only the maximum figure he had in mind was one hundred thousand dollars. He held out a check.

"Why, that is a check for forty thousand dollars. Go to the bank around the corner and they will give you the money."

Edison was dubious, but he took it and went. He found a line of people outside the paying teller's window. When his turn came he pushed the paper under the railing. The teller took it, scrutinized him closely, turned it over, saw it was not indorsed, said some words which Edison, even then slightly deaf, could not understand, and pushed it back. Edison retired crestfallen. He knew all about it now. The whole thing was a swindle and he had signed away all he possessed for a worthless bit of paper.

That night in Jersey he got another scolding from his lodging house keeper, and he sat up all night in his overcoat to keep warm. The next morning he resolved to make a violent protest. In the President's office he produced his check, told of the treatment he had received and demanded his money or his invention. The President, still affable, apologized and called a clerk to accompany the young man to the bank and identify him. The bank teller pleaded the general appearance of things. Then he said to Edison:

"How will you have it?"

"Eh?" said Edison.

"What kind of bills?"

"Oh," said Edison, "any kind."

The teller began to throw out little bun-

dles of bank notes—tens, twenties, fifties and hundreds—under the little brass gate that protected his window. Edison was startled, and he grabbed the money without counting it, filled his trousers pockets, then his vest pockets, then his coat pockets, then, with difficulty, buttoned his overcoat and stuffed the pockets of that. He left the bank dazed and as helpless as when he entered. He was like the man in Mark Twain's story of "The Million Pound Note;" he was literally weighed down with money, but he could not realize that he had not one cent to spend. His landlady told him positively that he must pay up or leave. He argued with her for a while vainly, but finally his eloquent remarks triumphed and she grudgingly gave him a day longer. Then this man whose inventions have practically changed the face of the globe; who has gained and spent millions in doing it; who has been honored as much if not more than any man now living; this man retired to his room, again to sit staring into the night, again to sleep fitfully through the long, dark hours.

The next morning he squeezed awkwardly past the glass doors of the company's office to ask for assistance. The president looked at him for a minute. He thought of the man in front of him and of the transformation his invention

would cause in the world. Then he said:

"Mr. Edison, I think you had better open a bank account. Wouldn't you like to deposit your money in a bank? Then you could draw it out little by little whenever you wanted it."

"Indeed I would," Edison replied.

"Well, one of my men will go over to the bank with you and fix it up." Edison deposited his forty thousand dollars. He sighed as he got rid of it. Then he drew a hundred dollars. His delight now



" . . A PERSON NOT GIVEN TO FASTIDIOUSNESS IN DRESS. . ."

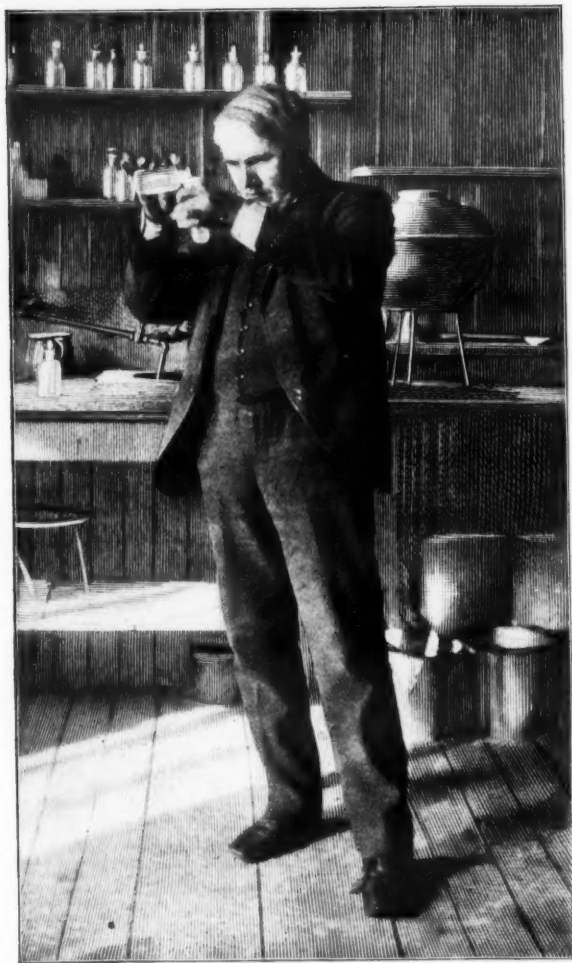
equaled his former bewilderment and depression. He could spend this. The first dollar he spent in a restaurant. The bulk of his bank deposit was expended in fitting out a laboratory near Newark. Afterward he removed to Menlo Park and later to Orange, N. J., where he now has his magnificent laboratory.

Since this beginning, honors of every kind have come to him. In France, during the Exposition of '89, the orchestra played the American National

Anthem when he entered the Grand Opera House, a compliment which in Paris is paid only on the entrance of kings. He is a member of the Legion of Honor. The greatest scientists of the world are numbered among his friends. And he is a wealthy man, yet his attitude towards the money question remains almost unchanged. In the laboratory in Orange two men, one at the outer door, one at the inner, have instructions to stop the inventor when they

see him leaving the building and to ask him if he has money with him. Before these pickets were stationed, the inventor frequently found himself in New York City without a cent in his pockets.

For some years he has been working diligently in Northern New Jersey devising a great system for extracting iron ore from the rock for the New York, Pennsylvania and Great Lake iron trade; opinions have been stated and predictions have been made that Edison was wasting his fortune, and in the end would not succeed in this enterprise. As a matter of fact, it was his intention to go on spending to the last dollar, until the undertaking was a practical success. The ore is now being taken out by the freight car load, and the stock of the corporation is on the jump, much to the chagrin of a former stockholder, who, in the days when the end seemed far away, kept complaining to Edison that the progress was too slow. Finally Edison turned to him,



EDISON AT WORK IN HIS LABORATORY.

"How much stock do you own in this concern?"

"Well, I'd be glad to sell at twenty thousand dollars."

"Would you?" said Edison, "Well, wait a moment." He sat down and on the spot he wrote a check for twenty thousand dollars. The disgruntled stockholder took it reluctantly, for Edison's confidence made him wish to stay in the company.

"One night," said Mr. Mallory, the vice-president of the mining company, "we were working very late in the laboratory. To save time we had our breakfast sent over in a basket. We lay down on cots at four in the morning, setting the alarm clock for seven. The clock woke me all right, but Mr. Edison went on sleeping. I thought I'd give him another half hour, so I got up and took my breakfast. Then I set his breakfast and called him. While he was still half asleep he sat down to the table. In a moment or two he nodded and fell asleep again. As quietly as possible I took his breakfast away and placed the dirty dishes before him. Then I waited. In a few minutes he awoke, stared in a dazed way at the dishes and then, without a word, reached in his vest pocket for a cigar, lighted it and went off to work."

Once, when I visited the inventor at his mine, I found him seated at a table in the bricking plant, making some temperature experiments on an oven. It was noon time, but he had been sitting at that table since one o'clock that morning. Six men with thermometers were stationed at various points around the big oven, and every ten minutes, at a signal, they would make a report from which Mr. Edison was enabled to draw a regular curve. At one o'clock every one except Edison went to lunch. He had his luncheon sent to him, and he ate between records. I asked him how long he expected to keep up his work



EDISON AND TWO FRENCH SCIENTISTS DURING A VISIT TO THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1889.

before going to bed. He replied laconically:

"To-day, to-night, to-morrow, or until we get it."

When we got back from luncheon the inventor was chaffing his men because they could not stand more than a double shift—a day and a night—without sleeping. When he started in that morning he had had only six hours' sleep, yet he has worked in this way at intervals all his life.

Edison is fond of smoking, but he becomes so absorbed in work that he even forgets that he has a cigar in his mouth. When he had an office on Fifth avenue, New York, his desk in which he kept a box of cigars was always open, and as the boys came and went at all hours, his cigars disappeared with mysterious rapidity. Finally he asked a friend, who was in the tobacco business, if he could not do some-

thing to discourage this disappearance. "Why, yes," said the friend, "I'll make up some cigars for you. I'll put Hoffman House labels on the outside, but I'll fill them up with horse hair and hard rubber."

"Well," said Mr. Edison, in relating the story, "that fellow went to California and didn't return for three months. I forgot about him meantime, but when he got back I said to him: 'Look here, I thought you were going to fix me up some fake cigars.'"

"Why, I did," he said in surprise.

"You did? When?"

"Why, don't you remember—a flat box with a green label; the cigars in bundle form tied with yellow ribbon."

"Do you know," said Edison, innocently, "I smoked them all myself."

He is fond of a joke and a good story. But it astonishes his new acquaintances to see how easily he turns from side-splitting anecdotes to discuss some subject of abstract science. He can do this because he is an omnivorous reader; because his memory is wonderful and because he has an extraordinary power of concentration. His father used to reward him for every book he read; his good memory is due to the fact that he has not depended too much on written memoranda; his concentration would seem naturally to rise out of the constant use of the two other facilities.

Another anecdote will illustrate this power of concentration. A short time ago I went to interview him. I found him in his laboratory engaged in a calculation concerning one of his forthcoming inventions. A half-used pad in front of him was covered with formidable rows of figures. When I entered he left off counting instantly, nodded toward a seat and at my request plunged into a vivid description of the wonders of high explosives, particularly recounting some experiments and their figured results, which he had carried out at Menlo Park over a dozen years ago. He even went into details concerning the speeds he had obtained from several explosives. He talked for half an hour and then turned to war matters and to current subjects. The moment I bade him good day and turned to go he turned instantly in his chair and almost before I had left the room he was deep in his figures.

There are many pieces of wreckage at the Edison mine and many more at the Edison laboratory. They are the debris

that has piled up in the blind alleys of invention. They are the result of incorrect seeking after principles, side-tracks from the main-traveled road. When Edison finds himself pursuing one of these side-tracks he turns back to the starting point, burning his bridges as he goes, for since it was the wrong road, he will never want to use it again. Then he starts over again or keeps restarting, until he has found the correct road. That once found, the certainty of success becomes mere matter of pace.

Added to this valuable trait, Mr. Edison has the wisdom of secretiveness. This may surprise many persons who know him as a much quoted man. He will talk on subjects foreign to his work, and he will, on occasion, talk of his work; but if he does, you may be sure that his work is complete. Unlike some of his contemporaries, he does not say anything about what he is going to do. The public know very little of his inventions until they are perfected. Nothing illustrates this better than the way in which he brought out his incandescent lighting system, considered by many people his chief claim to greatness. It was known that he was working at something of the kind, but no one was prepared for the master-piece that followed. Not only was the dynamo there to generate the electric current, as well as the lamp to give the light, but the system of wiring to carry the current from the dynamo to the lamp was equally developed. Great inventions like the sewing machine, the printing press, the typewriter, usually grow to perfection before the eyes of the public. Little improvements are added until the final form stands as a composite of the suggestions brought out by the use of the invention. But Edison anticipates the wants of humanity by bringing out his inventions in their final form.

Edison has a good business head, too. Once in a while his managers don't know which way to turn. Mr. Edison is appealed to always as a last resort, and his judgment is always the best. He meets his men, his associates, his friends and his acquaintances, always on their own ground. This does not mean he vacillates in his opinions; on the contrary, his opinions he forcibly maintains. But he tries to put everyone at his ease. There is an innate politeness in it which results in a variety of opinions concerning him. Men of business remember him as an astute man of af-



fairs; newspaper men find in him that dreamy suggestiveness which writes good stories; inventors consider him the personification of resources; ministers find in him a connecting link between the hard materialism of modern science and the spirituality of the old teachings, for he has not lost his reverence; laborers see him simply a hard worker like themselves, only with broader ideas and perhaps higher ideals.

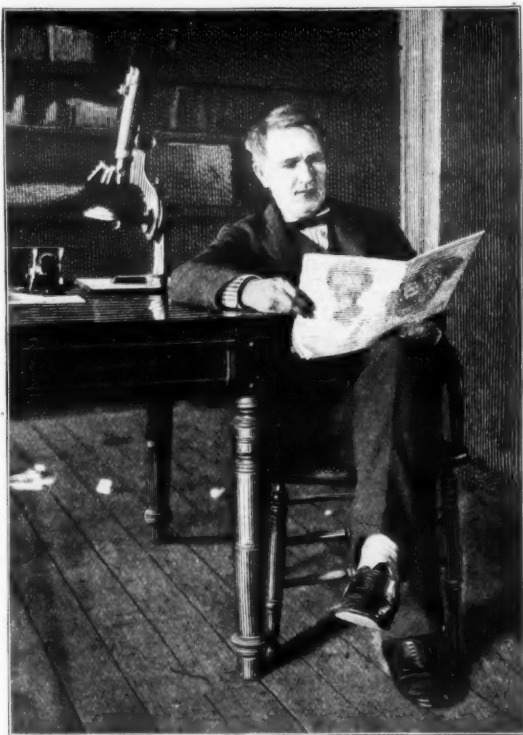
Into his home life he brings that same gentleness and simplicity which characterize him in public. He idolizes his wife and children and they idolize him; where is the wife who would not feel the attraction of such a personality? How happy must be the children whose father can conjure up for them such wonders of toyland as he has done from time to time. Sometimes, however, his work keeps him from

home for days, and even weeks. His chief recreation is change of work, but once in a while, when at his home in Orange, he will reach the top knot of dissipation by taking a walk down to the railroad station. There the uninterested and unknowing commuters see simply a solid figure inclined to stoutness, a broad, smooth-shaven face, with clear cut features; a person evidently not much given to

fastidiousness in dress, a simple man, lounging around and regarding everybody and everything curiously over his unlighted cigar. Then he is apt to be in his anecdotal mood, and if you know him well he may tell, as he once told me, in this very railroad station, how some Frenchmen got angry with him because he attempted to prove, with a foot rule, how

inexact were the measurements of the figures in the background of a picture and then by advancing the rule to the front of the picture, he calculated that in life the same figure would measure a foot between the eyes.

Once, however, I saw Thomas A. Edison when his unconscious external attitude typified the real man within. It was a night, black and rainy, on the peak of Mount Musconetcong, where his iron mine is located. The light of stacks, of open shop doors and of



"AND THEN TURNED TO OTHER SUBJECTS."

arc lamps, perched high above the earth, shone faintly across the black rift of the cut where the steamshovel was noisily tearing chunks out of the ore-bearing rocks. Pools of water lay all about, treacherous and invisible, except where a sloppy ash track led the way between shallows. Occasionally a man came out of the bright frame of a doorway, paused for an instant, silhouetted against the light and



EDISON'S HOME IN NEW JERSEY.

then, with head bent beneath the rain, plunged into the black hole. With an umbrella, which the wind kept from covering me most of the time I stood awed by the prospect. The mine was on the highest point of the mountain. You could gaze away horizontally into the darkness thrilled by the deep feeling of infinity.

Suddenly, above the storm, I heard the regular splash and ooze of feet tramping in soft, wet ground. Instinctively I knew the newcomer left behind him a long line of

footprints filled with water; and then I saw the distant lights reflected in them. Suddenly there loomed up in front of me the form of a man. It was Edison. Mastodon-like he was pushing forward, plunging into the darkness—with shoulders bent and head lowered, regardless of the storm, absorbed in his mighty ideas, the type of invincible force. The lights gleamed brightly in the path behind him—where all the world might follow.

An instant, and he had vanished.

#### AINSLEE'S "Studies of Public Characters" :

*October*—THE REAL SHERMAN.

*November*—THE REAL ZANGWILL.

*December*—THE REAL ROOSEVELT.

### BY THE SEA

BY

RALPH GRAHAM TABER

High on the cliff, where the golden moon  
Hangs like God's sentinel in the sky,  
There is a cot; and the breakers croon  
To a child about to die.

This is the song the breakers sing,  
For the winds to bear to the cot above:  
"Life, at best, is a passing thing,  
But Heaven is endless love."

The waves are still, and the winds are still;  
A childless mother weeps o'er her dead;  
The silent moon, from the darkened hill,  
With the soul of the child has fled.

# THE SECRET OF SOBRIENTE'S WELL

BY  
BRET HARTE



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Even to the eye of the most inexperienced traveler there was no doubt that Buena Vista was a "played out" mining camp. There was the old hillside seamed and scarred by hydraulic engines, over whose denuded surface the grass had begun to spring again in fitful patches; there were the abandoned heaps of tailings already blackened by sun and rain and worn into mounds like ruins of masonry; there were the waterless ditches like giant graves and the pools of slumgullion, now dried into shining, glazed cement. There were two or three wooden "stores," from which the windows and doors had been taken and conveyed to the newer settlement of Wynyard's Gulch. Four or five buildings that still were inhabited—the blacksmith's shop, the post office, a pioneer's cabin and the old hotel and stage office—only accented the general desolation. The latter building had a remoteness of prosperity far beyond the others, having been a wayside Spanish-American posada with adobe walls of two feet in thickness that shamed the later shells of half-inch plank, which were slowly warping and cracking like dried pods in the oven-like heat.

The proprietor of this building, Colonel Swinger, had been looked upon by the

community as a person quite as remote, old-fashioned and inconsistent with present progress as the house itself. He was an old Virginian who had emigrated from his decaying plantation on the James River, only to find the slaves which he had brought with him freed men when they touched Californian soil; to be driven by Northern progress and "smartness" out of the larger cities into the mountains; to fix himself at last with the hopeless fatuity of his face, upon an already impoverished settlement; to sink his scant capital in hopeless shafts and ledges, and finally to take over the decaying hostelry of Buena Vista with its desultory custom and few lingering impecunious guests. Here, too, his old Virginian ideas of hospitality were against his financial success; he could not dun or turn from his door those unfortunate prospectors whom the ebbing fortunes of Buena Vista had left stranded by his side.

Colonel Swinger was sitting in a wicker-work chair on the verandah of his hotel—sipping a mint julep which he held in his hand, while he gazed into the dusty distance. Nothing could have convinced him that he was not performing a serious part of his duty as hotel keeper in this attitude, even though there were no travel-

ers expected and the road at this hour of the day was deserted. On a bench at his side Larry Hawkins stretched his lazy length, one foot dropped on the verandah, and one arm occasionally groping under the bench for his own tumbler of refreshment. Apart from this community of occupation, there was apparently no interchange of sentiment between the pair. The silence had continued for some moments, when the Colonel put down his glass and gazed earnestly into the distance.

"Seen' anything?" remarked the man on the bench, who had sleepily regarded him.

"No," said the Colonel, "that is—it's only Dick Ruggles crossin' the road."

"Thought you looked a little startled—ez ef you'd seen that ar wanderin' stranger."

"When I see that wandering stranger, sah," said the Colonel, decisively, "I won't be sittin' long in this yer chyar. I'll let him know in about ten seconds that I don't harbor any vagrants prowlin' about like poor whites or free niggers on my property, sah!"

"All the same I kinder wish ye did see him—for you'd be settled in your mind and I'd be easier in mine—ef you found out what he was doin' round yer—or ye had to admit that it wasn't no livin' man."

"What do you mean?" said the Colonel, testily, facing around in his chair.

His companion also altered his attitude by dropping his other foot to the floor, sitting up and leaning lazily forward with his hands clasped.

"Look yer, Colonel, when you took this place I felt I didn't have no call to tell ye all I know about it nor to pizen yer mind by any darned fool yarns I mount hev heard. Ye know it was one o' them old Spanish haciendas!"

"I know," said the Colonel loftily, "that it was held by a grant from Charles the Fifth of Spain, just as my property on the James River was given to my people by King James of England, sah!"

"That ez as may be," said his companion in lazy indifference, "though I reckon that Charles the Fifth of Spain and King James of England ain't got much to do with what I'm goin' to tell ye. Ye see I was here long afore your time, or any of the boys that hev now cleared out, and at that time the hacienda belonged to a man called Juan Sobriente. He was that kind

o' fool that he took no stock in mining; when the boys were whoopin' up the place and finding the color everywhere and there was a hundred men working down there in the gulch, he was either ridin' round lookin' up the wild horses he owned, or sittin' with two or three lazy peons and Injins that was fed and looked arter by the priests. Gosh! now I think of it, it was mighty like you, when you first kem here with your niggers—that's curious too—ain't it?"

He had stopped, gazing with an odd superstitious wonderment at the Colonel, as if overcome by this not very remarkable coincidence. The Colonel overlooking, or totally oblivious to its somewhat uncomplimentary significance, simply said: "Go on! What about him?"

"Well, ez I was sayin' he warn't in it nohow, but kept on his reg'lar way when the boom was the biggest. Some of the boys allowed it was mighty oncivil for him to stand off like that, and others—when he refused a big pile for his hacienda and the garden that ran right into the gold bearing ledge—war for lynching him, and driving him outer the settlement. But as he had a pretty darter or niece livin' with him, and except for his partickler cussedness towards mining, was kinder peaceable and perlite—they thought better of it. Things went along like this until one day the boys noticed—particklerly the boys that had slipped up on their luck—that old man Sobriente was gettin' rich—had stocked a ranch over on the Divide, and had given some gold candlesticks to the Mission Church. That would have only been human nature, and business—ef he'd had any during them flush times—but he hadn't. This kinder puzzled them; they tackled the peons—his niggers—but it was all 'no sabe.' They tackled another man—a kind o' half breed Kanaka, who, except the priest, was the only man who came to see him and was supposed to be mighty sweet on the darter or niece—but they didn't get even the color outer him. Then the first thing we knowed was that old Sobriente was found dead in the well!"

"In the well, sah!" said the Colonel starting up. "The well on my propahy?"

"No!" said his companion. "The old well that was afterwards shut up. Yours was dug by the last tenant, Jack Raintree, who allowed that he didn't want 'to take any Sobriente in his reg'lar whisky and

water! Well! the half breed Kanaka cleared out—after the old man's death, and so did that darter or niece, and the church to whom old Sobriente had left this house, let it to Raintree for next to nothin'."

"I don't see what all that has got to do with that wandering tramp," said the Colonel, who was by no means pleased with this history of his property.

"I'll tell ye! A few days after Raintree

than mud for any good it would do the garden. So he put this yer together with Sobriente's good luck, and allowed to himself that the old coyote had been secretly gold washin' all the while he seemed to be standin' off agin it! But where was the mine? Whar did he get the gold? That's what got Raintree! He hunted all over the garden, prospected every part of it—ye kin see the holes yet—but he never even got the color!"



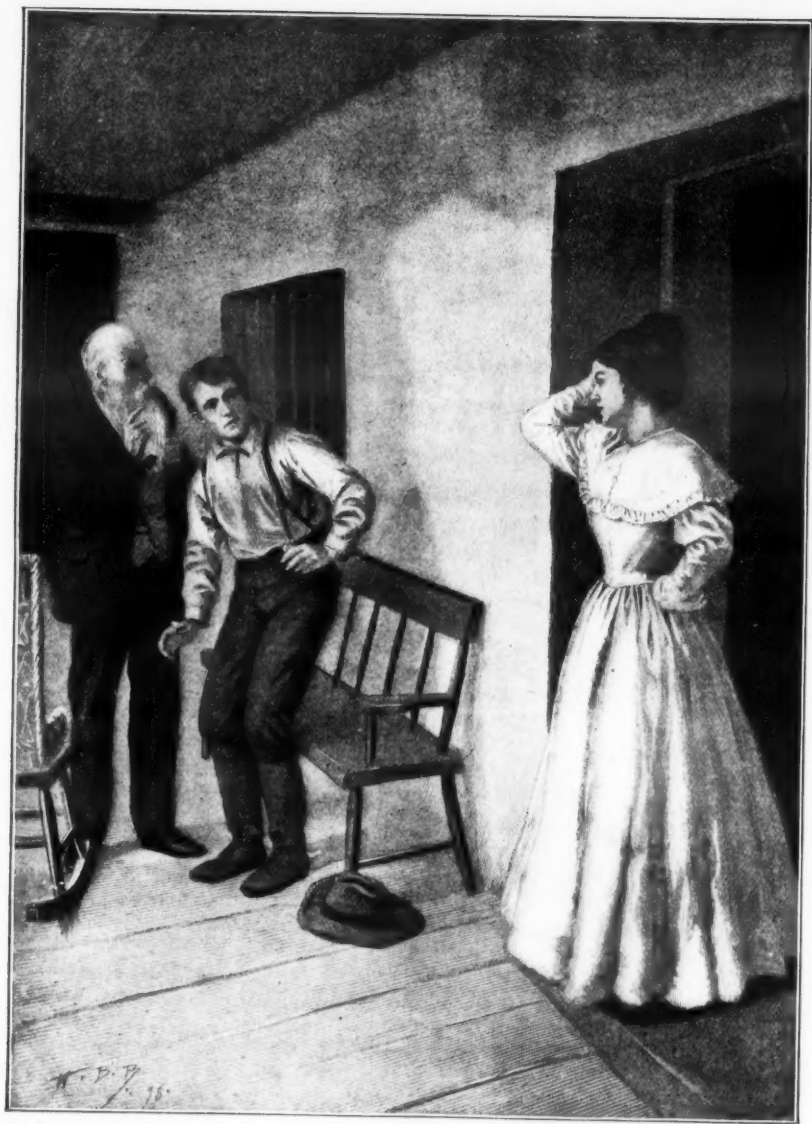
"SITTIN' WITH TWO OR THREE LAZY PEONS AND INJINS."

took it over, he was lookin' round the garden which old Sobriente had always kept shut up agin strangers, and he finds a lot of dried up 'slumgullion'\* scattered all about the borders and beds just as if the old man had been using it for fertilizing. Well, Raintree ain't no fool; he allowed the old man wasn't one either, and he knew that slumgullion wasn't worth no more

\*I. e., a viscid cement-like refuse of gold-washing.

He paused, and then as the Colonel made an impatient gesture, went on.

"Well, one night just afore you took the place and when Raintree was gettin' just sick of it, he happened to be walkin' in the garden. He was puzzlin' his brain agin to know how old Sobriente made his pile, when all of a sudden he saw suthin' a movin' in the brush beside the house. He calls out, thinkin' it was one of the boys, but got no answer. Then he goes to the



"'S-S-S-H!' SAID THE COLONEL, WITH A WARNING GESTURE."



bushes and a tall figger, all in black, starts out afore him. He couldn't see any face, for its head was covered with a hood—but he saw that it held stuthin' like a big cross clasped agin its breast. This made him think it was one o' them priests—until he looks agin and sees that it wasn't no cross it was carryin'—but a pickaxe! He makes a jump towards it—but it vanished! He traped over the hull garden—went through every bush—but it was clean gone. Then the hull thing flashed upon him with a cold shiver. The old man bein' found dead in the well! the goin' away of the half breed and the girl! the findin' o' that slumgullion! The old man had made a strike in that garden, the half breed had discovered his secret and murdered him, throwin' him down the well! It war no livin' man that he had seen—but the ghost of old Sobriente!"

The Colonel emptied the remaining contents of his glass at a single gulp, and sat up. "It's my opinion, sah, that Raintree had that night more than his usual allowance of corn juice on board—and it's only a wonder, sah, that he didn't see a few pink alligators and sky blue snakes at the same time. But what's this got to do with that wanderin' tramp?"

"They're all the same thing, Colonel—and in my opinion that there tramp ain't no more alive than that figger was."

"But you were the one that saw this tramp with your own eyes," retorted the Colonel quickly, "and you never before allowed it was a spirit!"

"Exactly! I saw it whar a minit afore nothin' had been standin' and a minit after nothin' stood," said Larry Hawkins, with a certain serious emphasis, "but I warn't goin' to say it to anybody, and I warn't goin' to give you and the hacienda away. And ez nobody knew Raintree's story, I jest shut up my head. But you kin bet your life that the man I saw warn't no livin' man!"

"We'll see, sah!" said the Colonel, raising from his chair with his fingers in the armholes of his nankeen waistcoat, "ef he ever intrudes on my property again. But look yar! don't ye go sayin' anything of this to Polly—you know what women are!"

A faint color came into Larry's face; an animation quite different to the lazy deliberation of his previous monologue shone in his eyes, as he said with a certain rough respect he had not shown before to his

companion: "That's why I'm tellin' ye, so that ef she happened to see anything and got skeert, ye'd know how to reason her out of it."

"S-s-s-h!" said the Colonel, with a warning gesture.

A young girl had just appeared in the doorway, and now stood, leaning against the central pillar that supported it, with one hand above her head in a lazy attitude strongly suggestive of the Colonel's southern indolence, yet with a grace entirely her own. Indeed, it overcame the negligence of her creased and faded yellow cotton frock and unbuttoned collar and suggested—at least to the eyes of one man—the curving and clinging of the jasmine vine against the outer column of the verandah. Larry Hawkins rose awkwardly to his feet.

"Now what are you two men mumblin' and confidin' to each other? You look for all the world like two old women gossips," she said, with languid impertinence.

It was easy to see that a privileged and recognized autocrat spoke. No one had ever questioned Polly Swinger's right to interrupting, interfering and saucy criticisms. Secure in the hopeless or chivalrous admiration of the men around her, she had repaid it with a frankness that scorned any coquetry; with an indifference to ordinary feminine effect or provocation in dress or bearing, that was as natural as it was invincible. No one had ever known Polly to "fix up" for anybody—yet no one doubted the effect, if she had! No one had ever rebuked her charming petulance—nor wished to.

Larry gave a weak, vague laugh. Colonel Swinger, as ineffectively, assumed a mock parental severity. "When you see two gentlemen, Miss, discussin' politics together it ain't behavin' like a lady to interrupt. Better run away and tidy yourself before the stage comes."

The young lady replied to the last innuendo by taking two spirals of soft hair, like "corn silk," from her oval cheek, wetting them with her lips, and tucking them behind her ears. Her father's ungentelemanly suggestion being thus disposed of, she returned to her first charge.

"It ain't no politics; you ain't been swearing enough for that! Come now! It's the mysterious stranger ye've been talking about!"

Both men stared at her with unaffected concern.

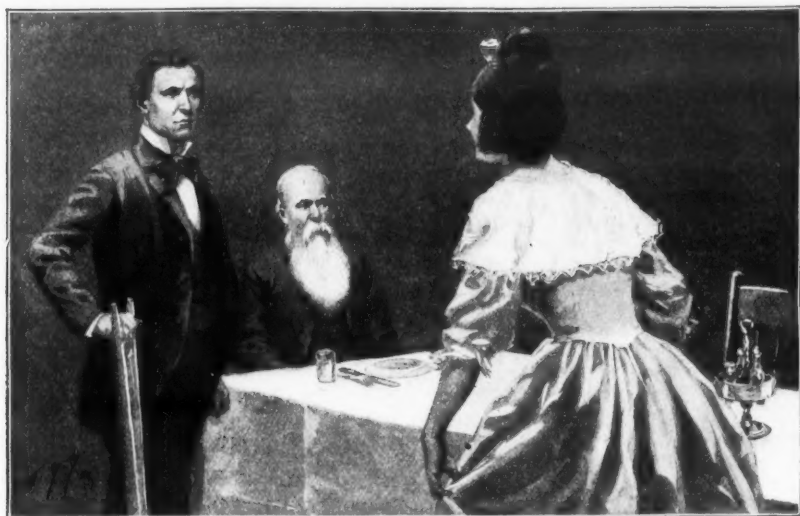
"What do you know about any mysterious stranger?" demanded her father.

"Do you suppose you men kin keep a secret?" scoffed Polly.

"Why, Dick Ruggles told me how skeert ye all were over an entire stranger—and he advised me not to wander down the road after dark. I asked him if he thought I was a pickaninny to be frightened by bogies, and that if he hadn't a better excuse for wantin' 'to see me home' from the Injin Spring—he might slide."

Larry laughed again, albeit a little bitterly, for it seemed to him that the excuse was fully justified, but the Colonel said

likewise—marvelous to relate—an actual guest who had two trunks and asked for a room! He was evidently a stranger to the ways of Buena Vista, and particularly to those of Colonel Swinger, and at first seemed inclined to resent the social attitude of his host and his frank and free curiosity. When he, however, found that Colonel Swinger was even better satisfied to give an account of his own affairs, his family, pedigree and his present residence, he began to betray some interest. The Colonel told him all the news, and would no doubt have even expatiated on his ghostly visitant had he not prudently con-



"THE COLONEL COULD NOT HELP OBSERVING THAT STARBUCK WAS FAR FROM BEING EQUALLY RESPONSIVE TO HER ATTENTIONS."

promptly, "Dick's a fool—and you might have told him there were worse things to be met on the road than bogies. Run away now, and see that the niggers are on hand when the stage comes."

Two hours later the stage came with a clatter of hoofs and a cloud of red dust, which precipitated itself and a dozen thirsty travelers upon the verandah before the hotel barroom; it brought also the usual "express" newspapers and much talk to Colonel Swinger—who always received his guests in a lofty personal fashion at the door as he might have done in his old Virginian home—but it brought

cluded that his guest might decline to remain in a haunted inn. The stranger had spoken of staying a week; he had some private mining speculations to watch at Wynyard's Gulch—the next settlement—but he did not care to appear openly at the "Gulch Hotel." He was a man of thirty, with soft, pleasing features, and a singular litheness of movement, which, combined with a nut-brown, gipsy complexion, at first suggested a foreigner. But his dialect, to the Colonel's ears, was distinctively that of New England, and to this was added a puritanical and sanctimonious drawl. "He looked," said the Colonel, in

after years, "like a blank light mulatter, but talked like a blank Yankee parson." For all that he was acceptable to his host, who may have felt that his reminiscences of his plantation on the James River were palling on Buena Vista ears, and was glad of this new auditor. It was an advertisement, too, of the hotel and a promise of its future fortunes. "Gentlemen having propahty interests at the Gulch, sah, prefer to stay at Buena Vista with another man of propahty, than to trust to those new-fangled, papah-collared, gingerbread booths for traders that they call 'hotels' there," he had remarked to some of "the boys." In his preoccupation with the new guest, he also became a little neglectful of his old chum and dependent, Larry Hawkins.

Nor was this the only circumstance that filled the head of that shiftless, loyal retainer of the Colonel's with bitterness and foreboding. Polly Swinger!—the scornfully indifferent—the contemptuously inaccessible—the coldly capricious and petulant—was inclined to be polite to the stranger!

The fact was that Polly, after the fashion of her sex, took it into her pretty head, against all consistency and logic, to suddenly make an exception to her general attitude towards mankind, in favor of one individual. The reason-seeking masculine reader will rashly conclude that this individual was the cause as well as the object; but I am satisfied that every fair reader of these pages will instinctively know better. Miss Polly had simply selected the new guest—Mr. Starbuck—to show others, particularly Larry Hawkins—what she could do if she were inclined to be civil. For two days she "fixed up" her distracting hair at him so that its silken floss encircled her head like a nimbus; she tucked her oval chin into a white fichu instead of a buttonless collar; she appeared at dinner in a newly starched yellow frock! She talked to him with "company manners;" said she would "admire to go to San Francisco," and asked if he knew



"O, MISTER STARBUCK!" SHE CALLED IN HER LAZIEST VOICE."

her old friends the Faquier girls, from "Faginia." The Colonel was somewhat disturbed; he was glad that his daughter had become less negligent of her personal appearance; he could not but see, with the others, how it enhanced her graces, but he was, with the others, not entirely satisfied with her reasons. And he could not help observing—what was more or less patent to all—that Starbuck was far from being equally responsive to her attentions and at times was indifferent and almost uncivil. Nobody seemed to be satisfied with Polly's transformation but herself.

But eventually she was obliged to assert herself. The third evening after Starbuck's arrival she was going over to the cabin of Aunt Chloe, who not only did the washing for Buena Vista, but assisted Polly in dress-making. It was not far, and the night was moonlit. As she crossed the garden she saw Starbuck moving in the manzanita bushes beyond; a mischievous light came into her eyes; she had not expected to meet him, but she had seen him go out—and there were always possibili-

ties. To her surprise, however, he merely lifted his hat as she passed, and turned abruptly in another direction. This was more than the little heart-breaker of Buena Vista was accustomed to!

"O, Mister Starbuck!" she called in her laziest voice.

He turned almost impatiently.

"Since you're so civil and pressing, I thought I'd tell you I was just runnin' over to Aunt Chloe's," she said dryly.

"I should think it was hardly the proper thing for a young lady to do at this time of night," he said, superciliously. "But you know best—you know the people here."

Polly's cheeks and eyes flamed. "Yes, I reckon I do," she said, crisply, "it's only a stranger here would think of being rude. Good night, Mister Starbuck!"

She tripped away, after this Parthian shot, yet feeling, even in her triumph, that the conceited fool seemed actually relieved at her departure! And for the first time she now thought she had seen something in his face that she did not like! But her lazy independence reasserted itself soon, and half-an-hour later, when she had left Aunt Chloe's cabin, she had regained her self-esteem. Yet to avoid meeting him again, she took a longer route home—across the dried ditch and over the bluff, scarred by hydraulics, and so fell, presently, upon the old garden at the point where it adjoined the abandoned diggings. She was quite sure she had escaped a meeting with Starbuck and was gliding securely along under the shadow of the pear trees, when she suddenly stopped. An indescribable terror overcame her as she stared at a spot in the garden, perfectly illuminated by the moonlight, not fifty yards from where she stood. For she saw on its surface a human head—a man's head—seemingly in the level of the ground—staring in her direction. A hysterical laugh sprang from her lips, and she caught at the branches above her or she would have fallen. Yet in that moment the head had vanished! The moonlight revealed the empty garden—the ground she had gazed at—but nothing more!

She had never been superstitious. As a child she had heard the negroes talk of "the hants"—i. e., "the haunts," or spirits—but had believed it a part of their ignorance and unworthy a white child—the daughter of their master! She had laughed with Dick Ruggles over the illusions

of Larry, and had shared her father's contemptuous disbelief of the wandering visitant being anything but a living man—yet she would have screamed for assistance now, only for the greater fear of making her weakness known to Mr. Starbuck, and being dependent upon him for help. And, with it came the sudden conviction that he had seen this awful vision, too! This would account for his impatience of her presence, and his rudeness! She felt faint and giddy. Yet after the first shock had passed, her old independence and pride came to her relief. She would go to the spot and examine it! If it were some trick or illusion, she would show her superiority, and have the laugh on Starbuck! She set her white teeth, clenched her little hands, and started out into the moonlight. But alas for woman's weakness! The next moment she uttered a scream and almost fell into the arms of Mr. Starbuck, who had stepped out of the shadows beside her!

"So you see you have been frightened," he said, with a strange, forced laugh, "but I warned you about going out alone!"

Even in her fright she could not help seeing that he, too, seemed pale and agitated, at which she recovered her tongue and her self-possession.

"Anybody would be frightened by being dogged about under the trees," she said pertly.

"But you called out before you saw me," he said, bluntly—"as if something had frightened you. That was why I came towards you."

She knew it was the truth—but as she would not confess to her vision she fibbed outrageously. "Frightened," she said, with pale, but lofty indignation. "What was there to frighten me? I'm not a baby to think I see a bogie in the dark!" This was said in the faint hope that he had seen something, too! If it had been Larry or her father, who had met her, she would have confessed everything.

"You had better go in," he said curtly. "I will see you safe inside the house."

She demurred at this, but as she could not persist in her first bold intention of examining the locality of the vision without admitting its existence, she permitted him to walk with her to the house, and then at once fled to her own room. Larry and her father noticed their entrance together and their agitated manner and were uneasy. Yet the Colonel's paternal pride

and Larry's lover's respect kept the two men from communicating their thoughts to each other. "The damned pup has been tryin' to be familiar—and Polly's set him down," thought Larry, with glowing satisfaction. "He's been trying some of his sanctimonious, Yankee, abolition talk on Polly, and she's shocked him!" thought the Colonel, exultingly.

But poor Polly had other things to think of in the silence of her room. Another

woman would have unburdened herself to a confidant; but Polly was too loyal to her father to shatter his beliefs—and too high-spirited to take another and a lesser person into her confidence. She was certain that Aunt Chloe would be full of sympathetic belief and speculations—but she would not trust a nigger with what she couldn't tell her own father! For Polly really and truly believed that she had seen a ghost—the ghost of the

murdered Sobriente, according to Larry's story. Why he should appear with only his head above ground puzzled her, although it suggested the Catholic idea of purgatory—and she was a Catholic! Perhaps he would have risen entirely but for that stupid Starbuck's presence—perhaps he had a message for her alone! The idea pleased Polly, albeit it was a "fearful joy" and attended with some cold shivering. Naturally, as a gentleman, he would ap-

pear to her—the daughter of a gentleman—the successor to his house—rather than to a Yankee stranger. What was she to do? For once her calm nerves were strangely thrilled; she could not think of undressing and going to bed, and two o'clock surprised her still meditating, and occasionally peeping from her window upon the moonlit but vacant garden. If she saw him again would she dare to go down alone? Suddenly she started to her

feet with a beating heart. There was the unmistakable sound of a stealthy footstep in the passage coming toward her room. Was it he? In spite of her high resolve, she felt that if the door of her room opened she should scream! She held her breath—the footsteps came nearer—were before her door—and passed.

Then it was that the blood rushed back to her cheek with a flush of indignation. Her room was at the end of the passage—



"THE PISTOL IN HER HAND WAS DISCHARGED  
AIMLESSLY IN THE AIR."

there was nothing beyond but a private staircase long disused, except by herself, as a short cut through the old patio to the garden. No one else knew of it and no one else had the right of access to it! This insolent human intrusion, as she was satisfied it was now, overcame her fear, and she glided to the door. Opening it softly, she could hear the stealthy footsteps descending. She darted back, threw a shawl over her head and shoulders, and, taking

the small derringer pistol, which it had always been part of her ostentatious independence to place at her bed head, she as stealthily followed the intruder. But the footsteps had died away before she reached the patio, and she saw only the small deserted, grass-grown courtyard, half hidden in shadows, in whose centre stood the fateful and long sealed up well. A shudder came over her at again being brought into contact with the cause of her frightful vision, but as her eyes became accustomed to the darkness she saw something more real and appalling! The wall was no longer sealed! Fragments of bricks and boards lay around it; one end of a rope, coiled around like a huge snake, descended its foul depths, and as she gazed with staring eyes the head and shoulders of a man emerged slowly from it! But it was not the ghostly apparition of last evening, and her terror changed to scorn and indignation as she recognized the face of Starbuck!

Their eyes met; an oath broke from his lips. He made a movement to spring from the well, but as the girl started back the pistol held in her hand was discharged aimlessly in the air and the report echoed throughout the courtyard. With a curse Starbuck drew back, instantly disappeared in the well and Polly fell fainting on the steps.

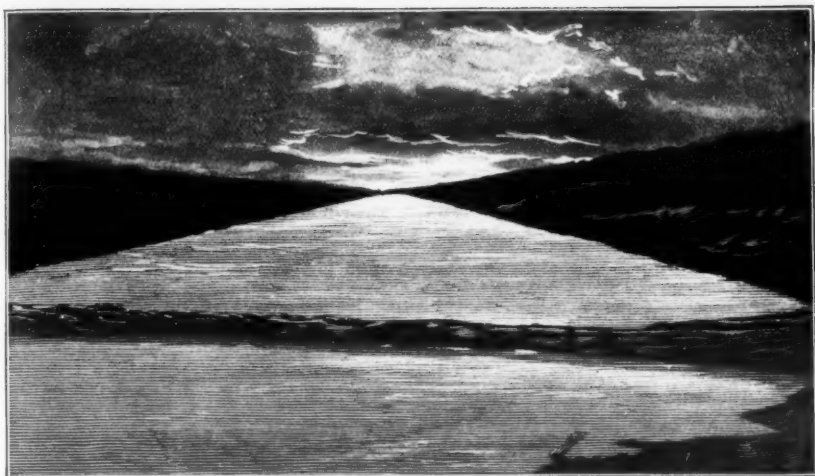
When she came to, her father and Larry were at her side. They had been alarmed at the report and had rushed quickly to the patio, but not in time to prevent the escape of Starbuck and his accomplice. By the time she had recovered her consciousness they had learned the full extent of that extraordinary revelation which she had so innocently precipitated. Sobriente's well had really concealed a rich gold ledge, actually tunnelled and galleried by him secretly in the past, and its only other outlet was an opening in the garden hidden by a stone which turned on a swivel. Its existence had been unknown to Sobriente's successor, but was known to the Kanaka who had worked with Sobriente, who fled with his daughter after the murder, but who no doubt was afraid to return and work the mine. He had imparted the secret to Starbuck, another half-breed, son of a Yankee missionary and Hawaiian wife, who had evidently conceived this plan of seeking Buena Vista with an accomplice and secretly removing such gold

as was still accessible. The accomplice—afterward identified by Larry as the wandering tramp—failed to discover the secret entrance from the garden, and Starbuck was consequently obliged to attempt it from the hotel (for which purpose he had introduced himself as a boarder) by opening the disused well secretly at night. These facts were obtained from papers found in the otherwise valueless trunks, weighted with stones for ballast, which Starbuck had brought to the hotel to take away his stolen treasure in, but which he was obliged to leave in his hurried flight. The attempt would have doubtless succeeded but for Polly's courageous and timely interference.

And now that they had told her all, they only wanted to know what had first excited her suspicions and driven her to seek the well as the object of Starbuck's machinations. It was a terrible temptation to Polly to pose as a more perfect heroine, and one may not blame her if she did not rise entirely superior to it. Her previous belief that the head of the accomplice at the opening of the garden was that of a ghost she had felt certainly in the way, as was also her conduct to Starbuck, whom she believed to be equally frightened and whom she never once suspected! So she said, with a certain lofty simplicity, that there were some things which she really did not care to talk about, and Larry and her father left her that night with the firm conviction that the rascal Starbuck had tried to tempt her to fly with him and his riches and had been crushingly foiled. Polly never denied this, and once, in later days, when admiringly taxed with it by Larry, she admitted, with love-like simplicity, that "she may have been too foolishly polite to her father's guest for the sake of her father's hotel."

However, all this was of small account to the thrilling news of a new discovery and working of the "old gold ledge" at Buena Vista. As the three kept their secret from the world, the discovery was accepted in the neighborhood as the result of a careful examination and prospecting on the part of Colonel Swinger and his partner, Larry Hawkins. And when the latter gentleman afterwards boldly proposed to Polly Swinger, she mischievously declared that she accepted him only that the secret might not go "out of the family."





COMPLETED SECTION, LOCKPORT.

## THE CHICAGO DRAINAGE CANAL

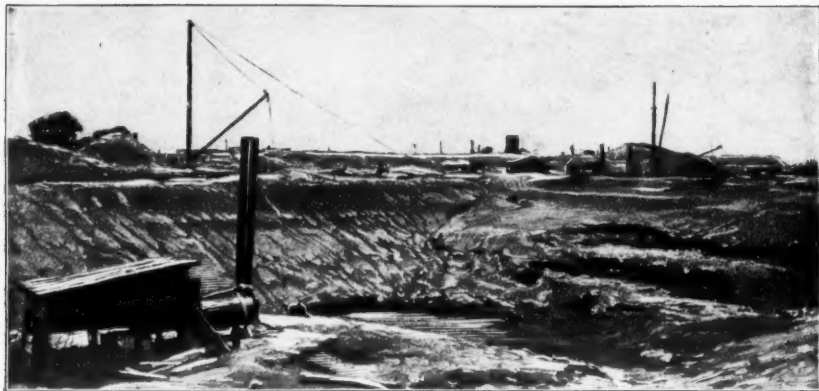
BY

THEODORE DREISER

Few people seem to be aware of the magnitude or the far-reaching consequences of the enterprise upon which Chicago embarked on Sept. 3, 1892, when, with a celebration known as "Shovel Day," in which the State Executive and many distinguished public and scientific men took part, the first spadeful of ground was broken on the Chicago Drainage Canal, at a point in the rock cut at Lemont, just above Lockport. The enterprise that started off so quietly has gone forward without delay, until now, after six years, the main channel of the great drainage and ship canal is almost complete, and the ceremonies of opening day are not so very far distant. Over \$15,000,000 of the \$31,000,000 which the perfected canal will cost have already been expended, and the great cantilever cranes of the contracting company with their tremendous excavating powers may be seen within the Chicago city limits, dredging the last section of the immense channel which is to connect Lake Michigan with the Illinois and Mississippi rivers.

The greatest feat of sanitary engineering in the world—that is what the com-

pletion of the Drainage Canal proper of the Chicago Sanitary District will represent. It is expected that this event will take place now in a short time, and when it does the occasion will be memorable, for this mammoth undertaking has been hedged around, from the time it was first seriously proposed, until the present with almost insurmountable difficulties. Indifferent legislators in the Assembly of the State of Illinois; legislators who were, after the customary Chicago fashion, "out for the boodle;" hostility in the cities and towns in the territory to be affected by the operation of the Drainage Channel, which believed and still believe that their water and sanitary equipment are to be contaminated by the downflow of sewage from the great metropolis; the unwillingness of the Chicago citizens to bear the expense of construction and operation—all these and others were among the difficulties to be surmounted ere the work could begin at all. Not only were those promoters of the work, who realized the inestimable value of the waterway if it were once constructed, harassed by these early objections, but there were formidable perplex-



BREAKING GROUND, LAST SECTION—CHICAGO END.

ities attending the actual building, such as the excavating of thousands of tons of solid rock, the diverting of rivers, and the devising of machinery fitted to cope with the vastness of the work.

This is not to be a canal with locks to regulate the flow of water, but an open channel, one hundred and sixty feet wide at the bottom and eighteen feet deep, with plans for deepening it even still more in the future. When first opened it is to discharge 10,000 cubic feet of water per second, which is about five per cent. of the amount now flowing through Niagara River. The quantity of water to be discharged is fixed by the Legislature of the State, with a view to protecting the valley of the Illinois from contamination. When the population of the city shall exceed 3,000,000, the quantity of the discharge is to be increased in proportion to the excess. The amount of the original discharge is so great that the engineers estimate that it will raise the low water mark of the Mississippi one foot at St. Louis.

Absolute necessity was the inspiration of the Drainage Channel—necessity for the disposal of the sewage of the city of Chicago; though the arrangement that the channel was also to be used as a ship-way was undoubtedly the principal factor in gaining support from the Illinois Assembly. Chicago has an average length of twenty-five miles and an average width of nine miles, and owing to the peculiar location of the Chicago River (save the mark!) the city is divided into three parts, the north side, the west side and south

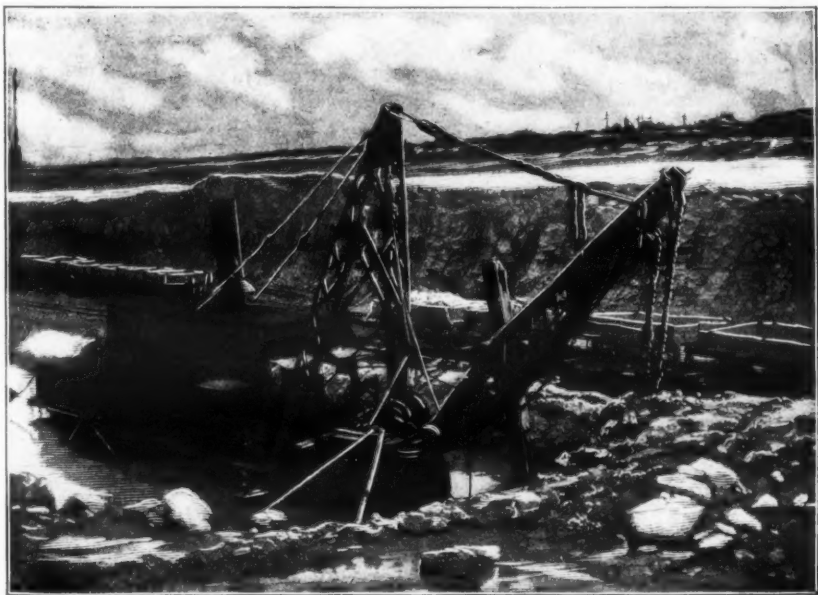
side. The north branch of the river enters the city through the northwest portion, and meets, in the heart of the city, the south branch, which flows in from the southwest portion of the city, where it rises. The point where these two branches meet is about a mile due west from Lake Michigan, into which the Chicago River empties. Into this river all the offal of the great city empties, so that the metropolitan territory is practically trisected by an open sewer. The flow of the river is exceedingly slow, and is no longer toward the lake, but inland toward the Desplaines River, the current having been reversed a number of years ago, in order by artificial means to move the volume of filth faster. Something had to be done, and the city decided that by establishing great pumps on the south branch near the western limits the water could be poured over into the Desplaines River, at a rate which would keep the river clean. Such pumps were established and the current turned back, but without much improvement. The system was not great enough. In this state the river has lingered until a few years ago the authorities realized that unless some new provision were made the drinking water of the city, drawn from caissons sunk in the lake four and six miles out, would be contaminated. This menace created an agitation, which resulted in the law, passed in 1889 by the Illinois Assembly, authorizing the construction of the Drainage Canal.

The accomplishing of this enterprise, which is to rid the city of all its sewage

and furnish a highway for ships from the Great Lakes into the Mississippi and the Gulf, is rendered possible by the peculiar physical geography of the Great Lakes. Lakes Michigan and Huron are practically on the same water level, about 580 feet above the sea, while Lake Erie is only eight feet lower. Lake Superior is an independent basin twenty feet higher. The basin of the lower three of these lakes is so delicately poised that only four feet of rock and two feet of gravel at Chicago prevent them from spilling over into the Mississippi Valley at high water. The rock bottom of Niagara, where it leaves Lake Erie, is only thirty feet lower than the rock shelf which forms the barrier west of Chicago. An elevation of fifty feet at Buffalo, or a depression of the same amount at Chicago, would reverse the drainage and make the four upper lakes tributary to the Mississippi. Incidentally it would wipe out Chicago and do away with the need of the present canal altogether. But what nature could so easily do, by some seismic disturbance, the engineers of Chicago have done in part, by the expenditure of vast sums of money.

According to the provisions of the law covering the work, a huge channel was to be constructed from Chicago southwestward to Lockport, a distance of twenty-eight miles, where it would meet the Desplaines River. Through this channel the entire volume of sewage of the city was to flow into the Desplaines, thence into the Illinois River, which the Desplaines meets just below Joliet, and some eight miles southwest of Lockport. From here the matter would be carried on by the Illinois southwesterly through the State, and ultimately to the Mississippi at Alton, Illinois. This channel was to be one hundred and sixty feet wide, eighteen feet deep in such portions as were cut through the rock, and fourteen in the cuts through the glacial or "drift." This course was to flow, by letting in a constant volume from Lake Michigan, six hundred thousand cubic feet of water per minute, at a current not exceeding three miles per hour.

When this latter provision became generally known, some time after the work had been under way, there arose a complaint from the other cities of the Great Lakes which pretended to considerable se-



THE DREDGING ENGINE IN OPERATION.



A FIFTY-FOOT EXCAVATION.

riousness. To understand it one must know that the total drainage area of the four upper lakes is 250,000 square miles, with a rainfall of about thirty-one inches. If we reckon that from 35 to 40 per cent. of this is now discharged through Niagara River (which is a liberal estimate) it would make the amount to be about 200,000 cubic feet per second. The fear of the other cities was that the diversion of 600,000 cubic feet per minute at Chicago would reduce the general level of the lakes and so of the connecting channels, and affect not only the harbor facilities at various ports, but the entire system of transportation, by modifying the depth of the existing waterways which connect the lakes and depend

upon their present depth for their navigability. It is not, however, an easy matter to determine how much the diversion of 600,000 cubic feet per minute, or about five per cent., at Chicago, will reduce the level of the discharging stream (Niagara) and so of the lake. As the channel at Black Rock is only about 2,000 feet wide and twenty feet deep, Major Raffner estimated that the diversion of 5 per cent. of the water flowing into Lake Erie will probably reduce its level nine inches. The Chicago engineers, basing their calculations upon earlier and less perfect data, reckoned on a lowering of the level of from three to four inches only. In view of the shallowness of all the harbors on Lake Erie, and of the fact that the United States completed, several years since, its work of deepening the navigable channel two feet, at a cost of \$2,000,000, even the lesser estimate is by no means an insignificant item. Espe-

cially does this take on importance from the uncertainty of the estimate and the certainty of Chicago's growth, and consequently, the growth of the volume of water which will be required to keep the canal in working order.

The complaint of the cities, however, came to no definite action, and there the matter dropped.

More vigorous was the complaint of the water ports on the Illinois River when the work was begun. Along the route are, among others, the prosperous cities and towns of Joliet, Morris, Ottawa, La Salle, Lacon, Chillicothe, Peoria, Pekin, Havana and Beardstown. It was the prospect of this great mass of sewage coming down

the Illinois valley that aroused, in all of these places, extreme enmity. Their representatives have been tireless in their efforts to retard the work of the canal, and some delay was certainly thus occasioned. The average daily sewage output of the city of Chicago is fifty thousand cubic feet per minute. It is claimed that with the channel carrying 300,000 cubic feet of water per minute, this matter will be effectually diluted. In justice to these cities, however, it should be said that they certainly will suffer inconvenience, although there seems no remedy for the objections they make. Undoubtedly, too, a host of damage suits will result, as, with the stipulated flow in the channel, the Illinois River will be raised from two to three feet above its present height, and hundreds of acres of the most fertile bottom-lands will be under water.

The entire length of the Drainage Channel will be, finally, about thirty-seven miles. The main channel, referred to in all the foregoing, extends from Lockport to the south branch of the Chicago River at Robey Street, Chicago, twenty-eight miles, and it is this that will soon be formally opened. But, in addition, a channel to connect with Lake Michigan will be opened up northwesterly through the city, striking the lake at Sixteenth Street, a distance of about nine miles. This matter of constructing the short channel is of less importance, as the sewage pumping works of the city are located near the upper termination of the main channel—that is, at

Robey Street and the south branch, and this can be used temporarily to impel the water forward from the lake, via the river into the channel.

In arranging for the administration of this undertaking the Sanitary District of the city was laid out. Chicago shouldered the debt wholly, though the canal will undoubtedly prove a national benefit. This district comprises all of Chicago north of Eighty-seventh Street (a street, by the way, which was the southern boundary of the city in 1889) together with forty-three square miles of Cook County. The assessed value of the taxable property of this territory is over \$250,000,000. The work was placed under the direct supervision of a Board of Trustees, consisting of nine members. These men are all elected by popular vote. For the raising of funds the board was given authority to lay taxes upon the Sanitary District to the extent of one-half of one per cent. of all the taxable property within its confines, as the same should be assessed and equalized for State and county taxes of the year in which the levy is made. "The board may issue bonds to the limit of five per cent. of the value of the taxable property, as determined by the last assessment of State and county taxes provided that this five per cent. does not exceed \$15,000,000." Under this provision \$12,000,000 of five per cents. and four and a half per cents. have already been issued.

Actual work was begun September 3, 1892, at Lemont, just above Lockport,



A HALF COMPLETED SECTION—CHICAGO END.

and since then there has been no halt. Interesting ceremonies attended the occasion. One of the first serious obstacles to be overcome was the Desplaines, the course of which is through the valley in which the channel is being cut. It was a huge undertaking, for, although the river is a small one, it has flood periods. There are times when its whole volume would flow gracefully through a six-inch pipe, and there are other times when its volume exceeds 800,000 cubic feet per minute and

pass them on, via the Desplaines and Illinois Rivers, to the Mississippi. The Desplaines was then turned into its new bed, and still flows there, paralleling the canal for the distance mentioned. The width of its bottom is two hundred feet.

At the head of this "diversion" it was necessary to construct a "spillway," to permit the surplus water in time of flood to flow toward Chicago, because arrangements had not been made for carrying it all down through Joliet. This "spillway"



THE CANAL, AT LEMONT, SHOWING IMMENSE SPOIL-BANKS.

dictates terms to everything in its immediate vicinity. To secure control of this, the engineers planned what they termed the "river diversion channel," and carried it out at the expense of \$1,000,000. They wanted the main river bed for their own canal, but they could not take it without providing a satisfactory substitute for the river. Accordingly, nearly thirteen miles of new river channel was excavated parallel with the location of the main drainage course (or old river bed) which is to receive the waters of Lake Michigan and

is a concrete dam capped with cut stone, its wings faced with stone masonry. Wholly a temporary convenience which will some day be taken down, it is yet three-hundred and ninety-seven feet long, its crest 16.25 feet above Chicago datum. No water passes over this until the gauge above registers 800,000 cubic feet per minute for the regular channel. Over that amount the "spillway" receives, thus relieving the lower valley of any danger of flood.

The total amount of excavation involved



in the construction of the main channel is 26,437,267 cubic yards of glacial drift, and 11,718,101 cubic yards of solid rock, or an aggregate of 38,155,368 cubic yards, to which must be added the material taken from the "diversion" bed of the Desplaines. This amounts to 1,654,510 cubic yards of glacial drift and 260,561 cubic yards of solid rock, or a total for this special work, of 1,915,071 cubic yards. This makes a grand total for the main channel and river diversion of 40,070,439 cubic yards. All of this work is now done, and the banks are piled to the height of seventy-five feet in places with the earth and broken rock. The rock when broken up expands about eighty per cent., causing spoil-banks along the line which contain, it is estimated, about 21,300,000 cubic yards. If the whole volume of rock and earth taken out were deposited in Lake Michigan, in fifty feet of water, it would make an island one mile square, with its surface eight feet above the water line. The doing of this was seriously contemplated in the beginning, the newspapers at the time publishing scarce heads on "a vision of empire" that included the circular idea, of having the extra land made in Lake Michigan pay for the entire work of building the channel and creating the land!

The largest output of material made in any one month since the work began was in August, 1894, when 1,160,613 cubic yards of glacial drift and 415,000 cubic yards of rock were taken out, and a payment of \$655,052.31 made for the same—a record probably not excelled since man began to quarry and delve. The estimated cost of all elementary work under contract is \$21,354,074.04. Of this, \$2,606,227.92 have been expended in acquiring right of way, and \$18,747,846.12 paid, or soon to be, for construction. The completion of the entire course—that is, from Lockport to Lake Michigan—with full equipment, such as the building of seven railway and seven highway swing bridges across the channel between Chicago and Joliet, the acquiring of extra right of way and unexpected litigation, will approximate an expenditure of nearly \$31,000,000. The bridges alone will cost over \$2,000,000.

As it stands to-day the canal is a dreary waste—a dull succession of completed but not connected sections. The whole work was bid out in sections and the various

contractors have gone about the work of completing their part without respect to the movements of any one else. No bridges have as yet been built, and wherever railroads or important highways crossed the path of the channel, the earth under them was spared until such time as the bridges should be put in place. All that remains now, is to dig out the small dividing bars of land and the channel will stretch uninterrupted for twenty-seven miles.

In the building of the great channel, many novel and specially constructed machines have been brought into use, some of which are destined almost to revolutionize the methods of excavating in rock and drift. One of the most remarkable engines is the huge "cantilever crane," a contrivance that was invented by a firm of contractors after the channel was begun. It is essentially a bridge, spanning the channel, with cantilever arms projecting far enough beyond, on each side, to overhang the spoil area. On this structure are mounted the sprocket wheels and other appurtenances for carrying a series of steel pans which form the conveyor belt. The structure is six hundred and forty feet from end to end. It is mounted on trucks traveling along tracks parallel with the channel. Its estimated capacity is five hundred cubic yards per hour.

Sections A B, and a portion of C are located in the old bed of the Desplaines, and are overlaid with muck to a considerable depth. This muck is removed in hydraulic dredges, each of which is capable of taking out about two thousand five hundred yards in ten hours. On the rock sections, channeling machines are used, which cut the sides down vertically. Steam drills are employed, and on certain sections these are manipulated by means of compressed air.

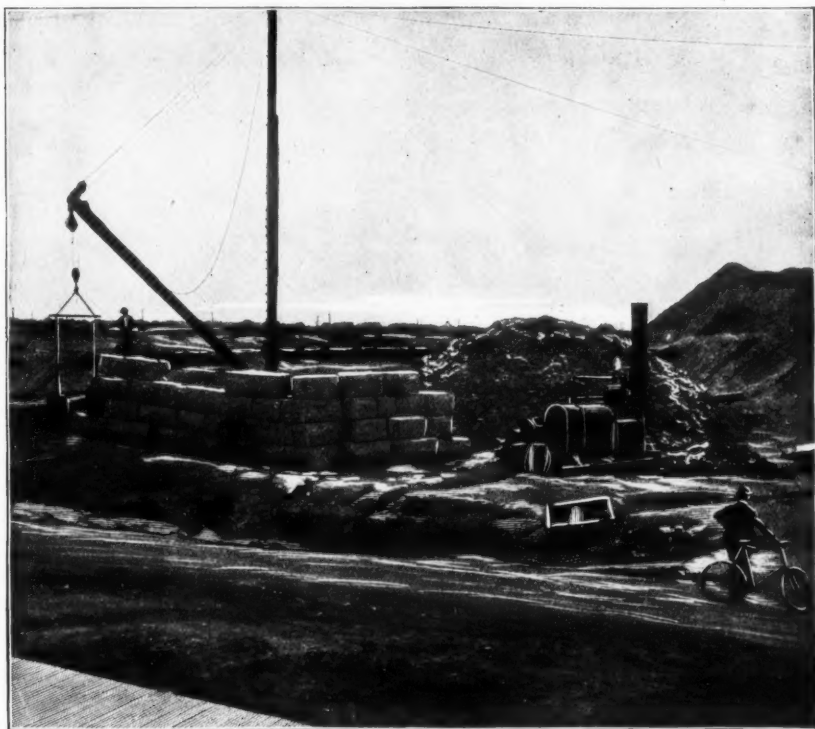
According to first contract this work should have been completed by April 30, 1896, but, of course, there have been valid excuses presented and accepted. It is certain now that less than six months will be required to complete the main channel from Robey street, Chicago, to the "upper basin" or lake near Joliet. The contractors are upon the very last sections and the work is so far advanced that further delay seems impossible.

Aside from the sanitary problems which the Drainage Channel will solve, are the tremendous industrial opportunities which

it opens the way for. It is estimated that nearly \$30,000,000 would be required fully to develop the manufacturing power that soon will be possible between Lockport and Ottawa—towns along the route—the latter being some fifty-two miles southwest of the lower termination of the channel. One of the engineers employed by the Board of Sanitary Trustees estimates that there will be in this territory available force

ing flood mills, it is supposed, will spring up at many points of the line. It is worthy of note that the principal elementary expense called for would be in the construction of dams, locks, breakwaters and "cut-offs."

The location of this enormous supply of power has an especial value, owing to its being central. The vicinity is gridironed with important railway lines, such as the



PREPARING FOR A BRIDGE AT KEELZIE AVENUE.

to the extent of 80,000 horse-power. What this means can be judged to some extent when it is known that the mighty and long used power at Minneapolis is but 30,000 horse-power. The principal centers of power will be at Lockport pool below Joliet, and Marseilles and Ottawa on the Illinois River. There is a fall of eighty-two feet between the surface of Lake Michigan and the surface of the Illinois River at Ottawa. To take advantage of this descend-

Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific, the Chicago and Alton, and the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe. It is not improbable that with the completion of the channel, cotton mills in the West will become a reality, for the raw material would be brought from St. Louis at a trifling expense, as compared with that of getting it into New England.

The opportunity for employing this water power in connection with electrical



A DREDGING CAMP.

energy suggests, also, vast commercial result. At a single point, near Lockport, according to one Chicago engineer, there is offered, for the purpose of transmitting electricity to Chicago, 5,800 horse-power. He figures the cost of the requisite plant at \$3,000,000, and the rental at \$900,000 investors thus realizing thirty-two per cent. on their outlay.

This extensive manufacturing basis is not passing unnoticed. Already many great corporations have been, or are being, organized in this connection in New York and Chicago, one recently being capitalized at \$5,000,000 and planned to develop the electrical field.

Whatever the influx of manufacture to come, the canal, now so nearly completed,

is destined to become an almost imperial highway of shipping. The generous visioned promoters see the time not far distant when the government will construct a ship-canal from Hennepin, Illinois, a point on the Illinois River some sixty miles southwest of Lockport, which latter town is the lower terminus of the present channel. When this shall have been done, there will be a short route for the largest vessels, and the trade between the cities of the Great Lakes and those of the Mississippi Valley, and Gulf will spring up. It is a great thought and an enormous opportunity, which the city which has already expended over fifteen millions without return, is neither sceptical of nor afraid to undertake.

## THE OUTPOST AT VALLEY FORGE

BY  
ARTHUR J. STRINGER

Well sung are they who side by side  
Meet death with shout and cheer;  
But what of him who mutely died  
With never a comrade near?

Well sung are they, the first who fell  
Along their battle line;  
Their end—their children's children tell,  
Their grave—'tis grown a shrine!

But he who died by night, alone,  
An outpost in the snow,  
(Unsung, unknown, on bronze or stone)  
Fought better than we know.

Aye, he who watched thro' his long night,  
And unseen Hosts defied—  
He fought and won the nobler fight,  
In the darker death he died!



The Bird of Time has but a little way  
To flutter, and the Bird is on the Wing.

# The Chances of Life

By P. M. Arthur.

**S**INCE the beginning of time no question has been of such absorbing interest to man as the duration of life. To the high, to the low, to the wise, to the foolish it is equally vital, and though the problem can never be solved, the last man will turn his eyes towards the future as wistfully as did the first. The origin of life, the primal mystery, interests only the materialistic student; but its end fixes the attention of all. Virchow may exhaust the resources of science only to learn that the great secret is just beyond his grasp; but for one who follows him in his researches ten will listen to the veriest charlatan who pretends to foretell the number of our years. Prophets, magicians, astrologers and wise men have devoted their lives to the problem and have left us nothing; but we still crave the knowledge, even though reason teaches us its danger. It is the possibility of its duration that makes life endurable, and if its limits could be fixed the outreaching shadow of death would blacken all our days. The end of life would not then be a release, but an execution.

But in spite of Nature's reticence, man has learned many things about the probable length of human life that is of surpassing interest. It is true that the case of each individual is still as far from solu-

tion as ever; but it is nevertheless possible to make predictions regarding large numbers that are of great practical value. The astrologer with his superstitious mummeries has given place to his natural successor the actuary, a most business-like prophet who predicts the future from the past. It is a common error to suppose that the astronomer is the successor of the astrologer, but a moment's consideration will suffice to set the mind right on this point. The astrologer studied the stars as a means to make his predictions correct, and from the material collected in this way the astronomer who studies the stars to widen the horizon of actual knowledge has been able to deduce some valuable facts. The actuary, on the contrary, devotes himself to prediction regarding the length of life and does scientifically what the astrologer pretended to do with his foolish mysteries. He does not concern himself with the forces that influence our destinies; but by methodically collating the results of all these influences he discovers the order in which various results usually occur. From observations extending over many years and embracing large populations, he is able to find the percentage of people who die annually of each of many causes as well as the average age attained by people who are exposed to the same conditions of life. With this data as a basis for his calculations he is able to deduce mathematically the chances of each individual has of reaching

a given age and what will be the probable average age of any group of persons whose cases are under consideration.

It seems absurd to say that the wonderful accuracy of actuarial predictions is due to the fact that they are based on the laws of chance, for the popular impression is that chance means the utter absence of law. Indeed, a charter was refused to the first Equitable Life Insurance Company by the British Government on the ground that it was "based on an attempt to predict the probable length of human life by calculations based on mortuary tables according to the laws of chance." But in order to understand how it is possible to deduce anything of value in this way it is necessary to rid ourselves of the popular conception of chance. Chance in its acceptance of blind irresponsibility no longer exists, for we know that every effect is the result of a cause. Where the cause can be defined and estimated, the result is at once removed from the realms of chance and becomes a matter for computation. For instance, if a coin be tossed into the air we all know that it will fall to the ground, because of the law of gravity—chance has nothing to do with that result. But whether the coin will rest with the head up or tail up is a matter of chance. We know that it must show either one or the other; but which we are unable to predict in any individual case. If, however, the coin could be tossed with mechanical accuracy, so that it would receive the same initial force each time and make the same number of revolutions before resting, we could

make either head or tail appear at will and the element of chance would again disappear. But as this accuracy in tossing a coin by hand is manifestly impossible, the result still remains within the domain of chance. But theory and experience show that the total result of tossing a coin many times can still be predicted approximately. Mathematically it is probable that the number of heads and tails will be equal, as each has one chance out of two of appearing, and many experiments have tended to prove that the mathematical probability is approximately correct. Hence we see that chance, scientifically considered, is simply force acting without system, and when the results are

considered in a great number of cases it is found that they approach very closely to the mathematical probability. Again, we know that when a number of dice are thrown down, it is certain that they will form one of a perfectly definite number of possible combinations and that these combinations, according to their complexity, have a chance of occurring in a definite number of throws—just as the coin has one chance in two of lying head or tail. In throwing the dice, as in tossing the coin, it is impossible to predict the result in any individual case; but it has been found by experiment that when the dice are thrown thousands of times, the possible combinations will appear, without order, of course, almost exactly the same number of times as is mathematically probable.

And when we come to the case under consideration, the chances of life, it has



ATROPOS.

Cutting the Thread of Life.

## A TABLE DRAWN FROM THE U. S. CENSUS GIVING THE PROB



(THE UPPER FIGURE INDICATES THE PROBABLE NUMBER OF YEARS REMAINING TO THE CHANCES OF LIFE OF A FEMALE INFANT AT BIRTH ARE FOR 46 YEARS OF LIFE ARE FOR 58 YEARS MORE. AT 30, THE CHANCES ARE FOR 39

been found that the same reign of the laws of lawlessness prevails—if we may be permitted to be paradoxical. Since these facts were first observed the more general recording of vital statistics has only tended to verify the original assumptions that were made, though certain modifications have been necessary on account of improved sanitary conditions. And taking into consideration the fact that the business of the powerful insurance companies of the present day is based on the results obtained by these methods by the actuaries, it is not necessary for the purposes of this paper to discuss their reliability. We may now pass on to a statement of some of the more interesting things that have been deduced by the actuaries regarding the chances of life.

To begin with, nothing can be of more general interest than the portrait of a man destined to long life, which has been furnished by Hufeland, an eminent German physician, who was among the first to study longevity in a scientific manner. It will enable the reader to decide at once if his prospects of old age are of the best or if he must content himself with the

chances that are allowed to those who have been less favored by nature. Here follows the portrait of an ideal man as drawn by an actuary:

"He has a proper and well-proportioned stature, without, however, being too tall. He is rather of the middle size and somewhat thick-set. His complexion is not too florid; at any rate too much ruddiness in youth is seldom a sign of longevity. His hair approaches rather to the fair than the black; his skin is strong, but not rough. His head is not too big; he has large veins at the extremities and his shoulders are rather round than flat. His neck is not too long; his abdomen does not project; and his hands are large, but not too deeply cleft. His foot is rather thick than long, and his legs are firm and round. He has also a broad arched chest, a strong voice and the faculty of retaining his breath a long time without difficulty. In general, there is a complete harmony in his parts. His senses are good, but not too delicate; his pulse is slow and regular. His stomach is excellent, his appetite good and his digestion easy. The joys of the table are to him of importance; they tune

## A TABLE DRAWN FROM THE U. S. CENSUS GIVING THE PROB



(THE UPPER FIGURE INDICATES THE PROBABLE NUMBER OF YEARS REMAINING TO THE CHANCES OF LIFE OF A MALE INFANT AT BIRTH ARE FOR 45 YEARS OF LIFE ARE FOR 56 YEARS MORE. AT 30, THE CHANCES ARE FOR 37



## ABLE REMAINING YEARS FOR FEMALES AT VARIOUS AGES.



THE PERSON AT THE AGE STATED BY THE LOWER FIGURE. FOR EXAMPLE, MORE. IF THE SAME INFANT ATTAINS THE AGE OF 5 YEARS, HER CHANCES YEARS MORE.)

his mind to serenity and his soul partakes in the pleasures which they communicate. He does not eat merely for the sake of eating; but each meal is an hour of daily festivity; a kind of delight attended with this advantage with regard to others, that it does not make him poorer, but richer. He eats slowly and has not too much thirst. Too great thirst is always a sign of too rapid self-consumption. In general, he is serene, loquacious, active, susceptible of joy, love and hope; but insensible of hatred, anger and avarice. His passions never become too violent or destructive. If he ever gives way to anger he experiences rather a useful glow of warmth, an artificial and gentle fever, without an overflowing of bile. He is fond also of employment, particularly calm meditation and agreeable speculation, is an optimist, a friend to nature and domestic felicity, has no thirst after honors or riches, and banishes all thoughts of to-morrow."

Such a man would doubtless make an admirable citizen. As a son he would deserve the reward of long life promised in the tenderest and most human of the Commandments: "Honor thy father and thy

mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee!" In his maturity he would beyond question be an excellent father and an indulgent uncle, and in old age he would have

"That which should accompany old age. As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

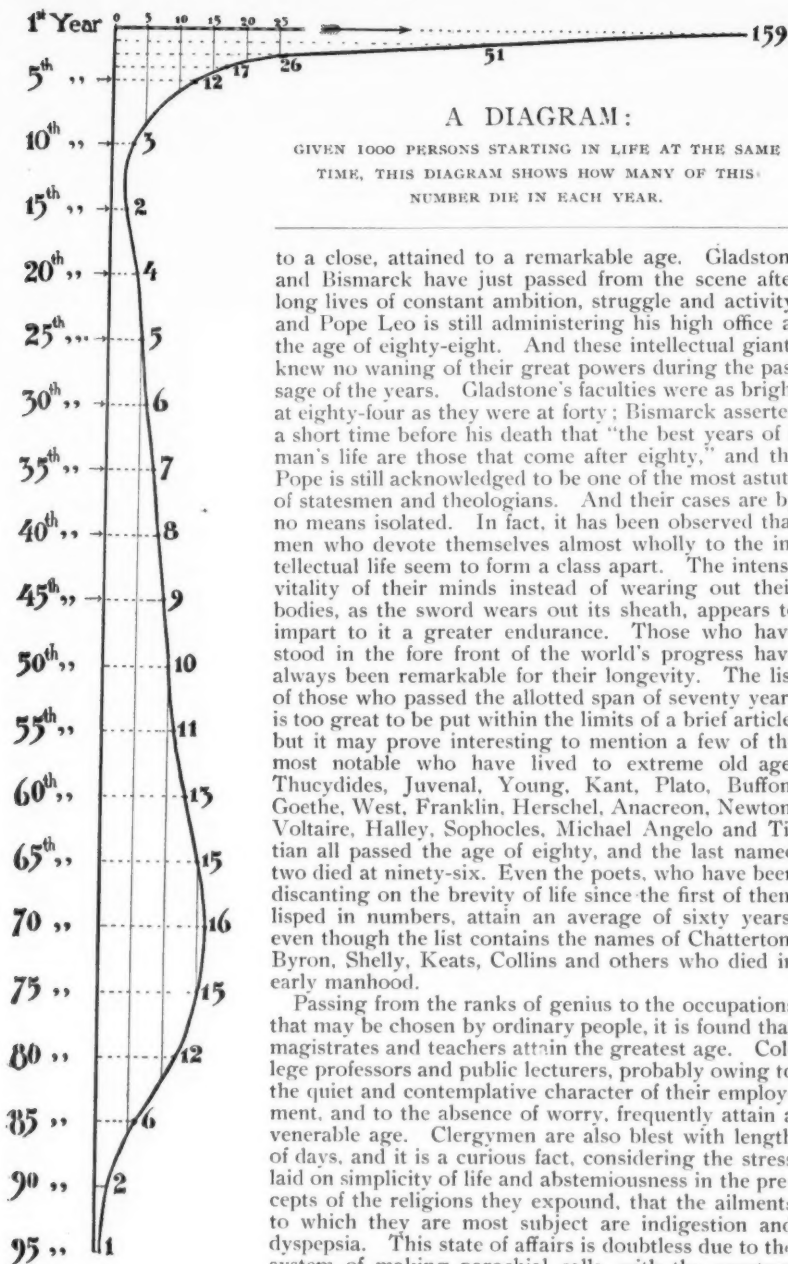
But he will never be an American ideal. He would contribute nothing to the world's store of romance or poetry; adventure would excite his mild disapprobation, and a nation of men like him would have no trusts, political upheavals, reform movements, policies of expansion or any of the things that make life interesting at the present time. But it will not do to rail at this ideal type any further for fear some one will murmur "sour grapes."

But Hufeland's fanciful picture, though it doubtless has much foundation in fact, is far from conclusive. He points out the dangers of ambition and the struggle for honors and power, and yet we all know that the three men who perhaps influenced the progress of the world more than any others during the century that is drawing

## ABLE REMAINING YEARS FOR MALES AT VARIOUS AGES.



THE PERSON AT THE AGE STATED BY THE LOWER FIGURE. FOR EXAMPLE, MORE. IF THE SAME INFANT ATTAINS THE AGE OF 5 YEARS HIS CHANCES YEARS MORE.)



to a close, attained to a remarkable age. Gladstone and Bismarck have just passed from the scene after long lives of constant ambition, struggle and activity, and Pope Leo is still administering his high office at the age of eighty-eight. And these intellectual giants knew no waning of their great powers during the passage of the years. Gladstone's faculties were as bright at eighty-four as they were at forty; Bismarck asserted a short time before his death that "the best years of a man's life are those that come after eighty," and the Pope is still acknowledged to be one of the most astute of statesmen and theologians. And their cases are by no means isolated. In fact, it has been observed that men who devote themselves almost wholly to the intellectual life seem to form a class apart. The intense vitality of their minds instead of wearing out their bodies, as the sword wears out its sheath, appears to impart to it a greater endurance. Those who have stood in the fore front of the world's progress have always been remarkable for their longevity. The list of those who passed the allotted span of seventy years is too great to be put within the limits of a brief article, but it may prove interesting to mention a few of the most notable who have lived to extreme old age. Thucydides, Juvenal, Young, Kant, Plato, Buffon, Goethe, West, Franklin, Herschel, Anacreon, Newton, Voltaire, Halley, Sophocles, Michael Angelo and Titian all passed the age of eighty, and the last named two died at ninety-six. Even the poets, who have been discarding on the brevity of life since the first of them lisped in numbers, attain an average of sixty years, even though the list contains the names of Chatterton, Byron, Shelly, Keats, Collins and others who died in early manhood.

Passing from the ranks of genius to the occupations that may be chosen by ordinary people, it is found that magistrates and teachers attain the greatest age. College professors and public lecturers, probably owing to the quiet and contemplative character of their employment, and to the absence of worry, frequently attain a venerable age. Clergymen are also blest with length of days, and it is a curious fact, considering the stress laid on simplicity of life and abstemiousness in the precepts of the religions they expound, that the ailments to which they are most subject are indigestion and dyspepsia. This state of affairs is doubtless due to the system of making parochial calls, with the constant

changes of diet caused by dining with different parishioners, and to the habit of good people of setting the best in the house before the minister. The poor men are always obliged to do ample justice to what is offered them, for what clergyman could hope to promote the spiritual welfare of a woman of whose cooking he did not show an appreciation?

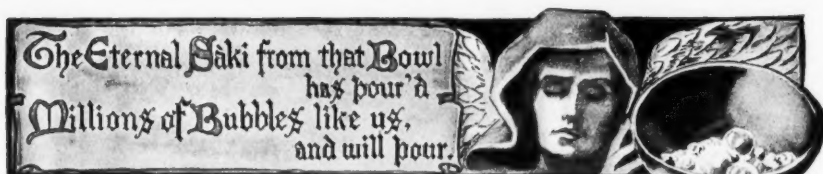
Passing from the occupations that are intellectual to those that are "merely mechanical," it has been found that farmers and gardeners have the greatest chance of attaining old age. Blacksmiths, furnacemen, carpenters, coopers, cabinet-makers, machinists, plumbers, tin-smiths, tallow-chandlers and barbers follow closely, while a high mortality prevails among painters, typesetters, stonecutters, millers, shoemakers, harness makers, engravers, jewelers, chemists, assayers, gilders, tobacconists, brewers, confectioners, dyers, hatters and bakers.

In considering the length of life attained in these occupations, it must be borne in mind that the individuals under consideration had passed the most critical points of life before entering them, and the character of the work in some cases precludes its being adopted,

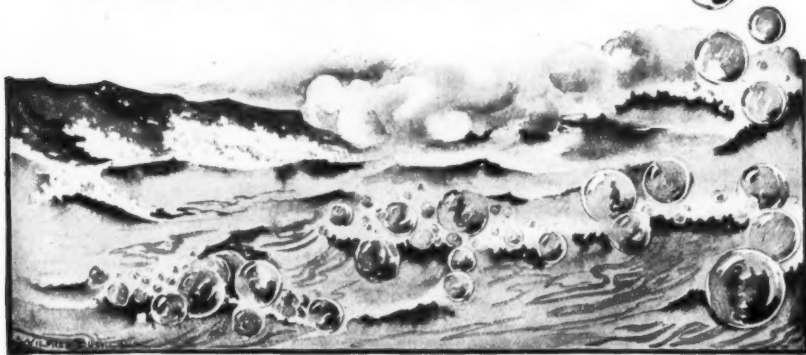
except by young men of robust and hardy constitutions.

On the other hand, there are a number of professions so dangerous that conservative insurance companies refuse to take risks on the lives of those engaged in them, or only at greatly increased rates. Among those that are not insurable are the following: Aeronauts, circus riders, subaqueous engineers, jockeys who ride in steeplechases, pyrotechnists and marshals, deputy marshals and collectors whose duty it is to suppress illicit distilling. Among the occupations that are extra hazardous are all that have to do with the manufacture and handling of substances that are highly explosive. The handling of electric wires and dynamos is also considered dangerous as well as all employments having to do with railroad trains and all vessels propelled by steam or other artificial forces. Service in the army and navy during times of war naturally takes its place in the hazardous list, and it is not impossible, in the light of recent developments, that such service will be considered extra-hazardous in times of peace.





Of all the foes to human life, consumption has the most terrible record. It is claimed that one death among adults out of every seven is due to this disease, and that one person in every three is afflicted with it at some period of life. But though the cure of consumption in its advanced stages is still doubtful, if not impossible, its ravages can be checked, and perhaps ultimately controlled, by wisely directed efforts on the part of individuals and society as a whole. In this connection, Mr. Miles Menander Dawson, a consulting actuary and author of standard works on life insurance, says in an interview: "From one-fifth to one-half of the deaths that occur in youth and middle age could be prevented by a decent regard for sanitary conditions and by common action of society for the benefit of all. It is not enough that a man should take care of himself; disease is communicable, and protecting man against it is a social function. Fully one-fifth of the total number of deaths are caused by zymotic diseases which are as purely accidental as falling and breaking a leg. And one-fourth of the deaths in addition, are from digestive and respiratory diseases, almost all of which are preventable. About seventeen per cent. of the deaths among insured lives is from consumption, and five per cent. from nervous diseases, all of which are now believed to be preventable. This means that fully one-half of the deaths among young and middle aged persons could be prevented and the proportion could no doubt be greatly increased, if parents paid a proper respect to the laws of heredity. It would certainly be a most important achievement for the human race



if united action could be taken to secure that a larger proportion of persons would attain old age than at present."

In the United States Review for August, 1898, the cheering statement is made that, "almost all civilized countries show a marked reduction in the death rate during the last twenty years, indicating a great improvement in sanitary and medical treatment." At the same time, however, there has been a noticeable increase in suicides—"the disease of civilization"—and in deaths from accidents. The latter are, no doubt, attributable to the increased use of machinery and of dangerous forces over which man has not yet secured perfect control.

But in spite of these optimistic conclusions, the fact still remains that the annual death rate from all causes is still alarmingly high. Fully one-fourth of the children born die in infancy, and it is estimated that to every five births there are three pre-natal deaths. Prof. Karl Pearson, in his studies of the mortuary tables of Great Britain and France, has constructed a new symbolical "Bridge of Life" to take the place of the one seen in the vision of Mirza, and he has placed the critical stages at which death is most active as follows: Infancy, third, twenty-third, forty-second and seventy-second years.

Among the many curious things noted by the actuaries, the following are a few of the most interesting. Women have a much better prospect of long life than men and the chances of married people are distinctly higher than those of bachelors and old maids. From the data provided by the records of various churches, it has been deduced that the peaceful Quakers have most frequently received the blessing of long life promised in the fifth commandment, while the death rate is remarkably

high among Methodist clergymen. Annuity-takers, as a class, live from three to five years longer than other people, and this is not due to human perversity, as some humorists have suggested. It is undoubtedly due to the lack of worry regarding the changes of fortune when a regular income is a certainty. Although no statistics have been collated on the death rate in the civil service, where the yearly income almost partakes of the character of an annuity, it would perhaps be found that there is some scientific basis for President Grant's cynical observation regarding this class: "Few die and none resign."

It has also been observed that the greatest number of deaths occur between the hours of three and six in the morning, while the lowest average is between the hours of ten a. m. and three p. m. Accidents and deaths from violence happen most frequently between the ages of twenty-five and forty-five, and the ravages of consumption are greatest between twenty and forty-five.

According to the evidence we have been able to accumulate, it is necessary to observe several possible and impossible rules, in order to attain the greatest age. To begin with, you must follow Beecher's advice and "be careful in the selection of your parents." Select those with whom longevity is a family characteristic, and if possible be born a woman. In choosing an occupation for life, be a genius of the highest type, with a leaning towards philosophy; in religion be a Quaker; provide for your financial welfare by investing in an annuity; contract a happy marriage when you have reached maturity and then settle down to live a temperate life, neither too active nor too sedentary, somewhere between the thirtieth and fiftieth degrees of latitude.





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# RS. WEATHERBY'S

boarding-house was a spacious old mansion. Once it had been the home of a great family. But the bakeshop and the renting agency crept into the shade of its vine-hung walls, and marked the place unfashionable. And so it became Mrs. Weatherby's boarding-house, for men just beginning and men just closing their professional careers—for young women who aspired to paint and to sing.

At the long table in the dining-room new faces arose into view and old faces sank from sight, with but little comment, and never with a real excitement of interest, so keyed with selfish hope was every one. Mrs. Weatherby was wont to say that the restless ambition of her boarders had often served to flavor a bad broth or make a tough roast tender. The eye so long turned inward blurred all outward countenances; but one day there came a man that sent a whisper up and down the board. He was tall, steel-eyed and with crisp black hair, and beneath the skin about his mouth and along his jaw was a gunpowder cast of color.

It was not Mrs. Weatherby's custom to individualize introductions, so, tapping the table, she said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I am pleased to present Mr. Spencer."

Beside him sat a woman who felt herself entitled to open a conversation. A red and yellow smear bearing her name had been gushed upon by a girl who "did" society for a Sunday newspaper.

"Have you been long in the city, Mr. Spencer?"

"Not very."

"Art, music or literature?"

"None of them."

"Ah, I should have thought it was one. Here we all have a decided object in life. Would you mind telling us yours?"

"Rest," said Mr. Spencer.

"Indeed! But there is art in repose. Would you mind telling us what was your last—line, I might say?"

"Fishing line."

"Oh, charming!" the artist cried. "And did you catch any fish?"

"Suckers," said Spencer, with his dark brow bent upon his plate.

"You may make fish of some, but you are making game of us," she replied, and the company applauded her.

Spencer did not look up. The cloud of a dark uninterest seemed to hang upon his brow. His ear was deaf to the music of laughter. A graceful hand like the halting flight of a white pigeon nearing the resting place settled down before him, in obedience to the demand of "pass the butter," but awoke no conscience in his eye.

"How long do you expect to be with us?" the artist inquired.

"I have learned never to expect anything," he answered with no change of countenance.

"How droll," said the artist, with a sigh, and after a moment of silence she added: "And your lack of interest in us stimulates our interest in you."

"You needn't put yourselves to any trouble on my account," he replied.

"Mrs. Kinkade," the artist spoke up, nodding and smiling at a woman who sat



opposite her, "I'm done and you may take the case, as the lawyers say."

"Divorced," said Spencer, and the artist blushed and the other women looked at one another, and one of them coughed with dry insinuation.

"Oh, I'm not engaged in the case," Mrs. Kinkade declared.

"Thank you," said the strange man, without looking up.

And thus it was, day after day, with silence on the part of Spencer unless a word now and then were prodded out of him. Finally they put him down as one of irredeemable sullenness, and suffered him to eat without direct interruption. He rarely left his room, and he was blind to any recognition in the hallway or on the front steps, where the boarders were wont to sit at evening when the air was soft.

Belonging to this fraternity of gossip was an old lawyer. Having been a life-long failure in country towns, he had come to the city to form a partnership with that eccentric and lagging fame which sometimes chooses to overtake a man who totters down the steep pathway of age. He talked shop to the landlady till she cried out:

"Oh, Mr. Cahoon, you are so smart. It's a wonder you've not held a high office."

"Madam," he replied, clearing his throat with the husky rasp of wisdom, "above the gate leading to the graveyard of legal lore is written the word 'politics.'"

"Then it is a wonder you are not in the Supreme Court."

"Madam, I have practiced before the Supreme Court. Did you never hear of the famous case of Jeffrey vs. Mayhew?"

The widow, somewhat embarrassed, and deploring her bad memory, said that she could not exactly recall it, though she must have read about it at the time.

"No doubt of it, madam. You are an intelligent woman. I was Mayhew's attorney, and I shall take pleasure in presenting you with a copy of the brief which I prepared for that momentous contest."

The widow declared that she should be delighted to read it, and then, as if afraid that he might proceed at once to get the brief she quickly asked:

"What do you think of our strange boarder?"

"Madam, I have given him but a straggling moiety of my regard. The brief in question was pronounced by Judge

"But don't you think he's very queer? Doesn't he puzzle you?"

"I may not give an exact or even a close quotation, madam, but it was Lord Bacon who said that 'a fool is puzzled by what he does not understand; a wise man, never.' I beg your pardon, I did not realize how that would sound, after your implied confession that you were puzzled. I humbly beg your pardon."

"Oh, not at all," said the widow. "But, really, what do you think of him?"

"I think that too much attention has been paid him by his betters. His stock in trade is churlish stupidity; his wit is a grunt, and his only advertisement an overthrow of all politeness."

"Oh, Mr. Cahoon, you are so full of quaint conceits."

"Madam, I will fetch the brief at once."

"Oh, wait a while, please, I should begin reading it at once, in my present state of unsteady nerves. I'd much prefer to read it during my calm and meditative leisure. But what do you think of his character?"

"I have as good as told you that he has none. He is a knave. I stepped to the door of his room the other day, when he had opened it to admit the air, but not to



A. S. Tappan  
"A RED AND YELLOW SMEAR  
BEARING HER NAME HAD  
BEEN GUSHED UPON."

admit politeness, as I afterward discovered—I stepped to the door of his room, and in a spirit that would have invited the regard of any gentleman, told him that if his mind were in need of calisthenics, I would lend him my famous brief. And he told me to go away, that he was thinking of a dead cat and didn't want to be disturbed by trifles. I didn't seize the washstand in the hall and throw it at him, madam, I didn't leap upon him like a tiger—I snatched the cloak of discretion, and with it smothered my resentment. The fellow is a knave."

"Surely he is a knave, to treat you that way; but he's so handsome."

"Handsome, madam? Did I hear you say handsome? Does a black pretense to good looks still overcome, in the mind of woman, all villainy on the part of man? Does woman struggle for what she terms her rights, and then of her own will fly back to rudest barbarity? What encouragement has man to reach in the hot and sweaty harvest field of thought, to thresh out his surmises and to winnow his ideas, if at last a woman rushes heedlessly past his rich crop to smile upon a poisonous weed. Madam, I bid you good-day."

Shortly afterward Mr. Cahoon came tottering down the stairs in pale affright. The boarders were assembled at the dinner table.

"A most damnable deed!" he shouted.

"Why, what's the matter?" the artist cried.

"Matter enough to sink this whole town in infamy. A most important paper has been stolen from my room, a will involving the disposition of a million dollars. I thoughtlessly left it on my table, and when I came back it was gone."

Ladies and gentlemen, don't be frightened. You are not suspected. But some one is suspected," he added in a whisper, looking upward. "I have good cause to suspect a villain who has come among us. Say nothing. I will swear out a search-warrant."

There was an outbreak of excitement, and the gabble of surprise at the delicious outrage was high when Spencer came down and entered the room. Then there was a hush.

"How knavishly handsome," muttered Mrs. Kinkade.

"Rascally fascinating," whispered the widow.

The office of a justice of the peace was but a few doors distant, and Cahoon soon returned with a constable. They went up the stairs. They were heard to rummage and to knock things about in Spencer's room just above. Every eye was turned upon the culprit, and he was seen to droop. He got up to go out. Cahoon and the officer met him at the door.

"Hold on," the lawyer demanded, shaking a paper in his face. "I missed this will. And now perhaps you can explain how it came in your trunk?"

"I refuse to recognize your right to break open my trunk," Spencer replied, staggering back.

"You do? Then perhaps you may be more generous in your recognition of a warrant for your arrest. There's your man, officer."

Spencer was marched off to prison, leaving the ladies to shudder at the strange happenings. They knew that something was wrong with the man. They commended the lawyer for taking him away—that is, they said so; but they hated him for robbing their household of its mystery.

A photograph of the villain was found, and the women snatched it, one from another, and the lawyer was enraged to see the widow drop a tear upon it.

"Ladies," he cried, "I wish to win your admiration. I will go out and commit a robbery."

"It would take more than that to make you attractive," the artist declared. "I don't believe he stole your old will."

"Then how came it in his trunk? Don't believe it indeed. I have done you all a service, and you hate me for it. And I will strive no longer to be honest."

"There can't be much honey with much strife," said Mrs. Kinkade.



"OH, MR. CAHOON, YOU ARE SO SMART."



"THERE'S YOUR MAN, OFFICER."

"Oh, and you blame me, too, do you? Well, you wait till you see that fellow brought to trial. The court will take all the mystery and romance out of him.

On the following day the thief was arraigned before a justice. The news of his looks and his crime had been blown about—the papers had printed a picture of him and the court room was crowded. The justice was happy. Cahoon was puffed with importance. He made his statement. He had left the will lying on a table. He went out, was gone but a short time and when he came back the will had disappeared. It was found in the defendant's trunk. The justice looked at the paper.

"The prisoner prefers to defend himself," said he, "and in the cause of right, it is my duty to aid him. I see here that this will, involving the amount of one million dollars, is the last testament of one Gilbert Crouse. Is he still living?"

The lawyer hemmed and hawed under the gaze of the crowd.

"Your honor," he said, "I may as well explain. The will is in reality fictitious. I drew it up for an imaginary Mr. Crouse, mostly to keep myself in practice and to show any one who might be interested

that I could draw a will which no one could break. You may say that it has no real value. But it has—it has a sentimental value; indeed, any amount that I may choose to fix upon it. But value or no value, what right had this man to steal it from my room? I should like for him to explain that."

"That is really the point in question," said the justice. "It may be of no real value, but what right had you to take it?" he asked, addressing the prisoner.

Spencer got up to speak. The ladies breathed quickly, and then silence fell.

"Your honor," said Spencer, "it is needless for me to deny that I took the paper. And at the same time I wish to declare my honesty. I would not take a penny that did not rightly belong to me." He halted for a brief time, and the interest in him was heightened. He continued: "I don't know that I can make myself understood, but bear with me and I will try. I was, you might say, born upon the stage. I have been an actor from my earliest infancy—first the child that was stolen, and then the ill-directed child that stole. Away back in my tender years, almost as remote as I can recall, I was one of Fagin's pick-

pockets. I was a born stage villain. I was never cast as an honest man. I was always the man to steal the will, the real will, and to substitute another, and if this man had given me time I would have given him a will of my own making—would have slipped it in among his other papers. But he did not know his cue and didn't give me time. I came into the city

I been trained to steal wills and important papers, and the temptation to steal this man's paper came upon me as a rehearsal. That's the only defense I have to make."

"I've seen you many a time," said the justice. "I don't mean you, exactly, but your kind. And I want to say that I sympathize with you. But get out of here before you begin to rehearse again; be-



"THE WILL IS IN REALITY FICTITIOUS."

a short time ago, to rest and to study another villainous part. I have worked so hard of late that at times I enter too seriously into my presentation of the villain; I fall into moods. In the city I am a stranger, for the old-time villain has been driven to the country. Those who know me would trust me with anything. Of course the gallery is my enemy, for I do my work well. Yes, your honor, I have

gone, before you nip any of my papers. Call the next case."

"How delightful," said Mrs. Kinkade as she passed out.

"Perfectly lovely," the artist declared.

"Madam," said Mr. Cahoon, speaking to the widow, "I'll get that brief for you."

"I believe I'd rather read one of your wills," she replied with a snap.

# TOPICS THEATRE

If it were possible to form such a cabinet as should represent by the smallest number of persons the greatest breadth of opinion of managers, playwrights, actors, critics and audiences, on the kind of play that in human probability may be considered an assumed success, what an unholy farrago of expression might not be the outcome? The average manager will tell you straightaway that one can never predict success of any play that may be put forth. The playwright, in seven instances out of eight, is of the deliberate mind that, granting proper scenery, cast

and advertising, there is sure good fortune for a play like the ones he constructs. An actor is always confident of the future of a piece in which he himself holds a "fat" part. The critic is convinced that if a play were written according to the precepts he has devoted his life to inculcating, that it would be a worthy and triumphant example of dramatic art. But he is equally convinced that none of our present day playwrights is capable of this colossal endeavor—more shame to them—and there's the pivotal reason why we have no admirable plays. The represen-



MARY MANNERING.

In "Trelawny of the Wells."



Dana photo

MRS. FISKE.

tative of audiences, in this Cabinet of Play Criterion, will advance the argument that the success of a play depends upon the condition of the first nighters' digestive apparatus, largely also, on the psychic effect of climatic conditions. For example: where is the pleasure of an audience sweltering on an evening in early September before a new play of New England life, in which every one of the characters stalks through his or her role wrapped up in yards of woolen comforters and Winter shawls and overcoats? Or, where is the enjoyment of an August hayfield scene, when the February audience keeps going an incessant chorus of wheezing and sneezing?

Another glance at the several lines of reasoning of manager, playwright, actor, critic and audience will convey the impression that each accepts the first suggested, easiest and therefore most illogical view. They would scarcely be human otherwise; and so it happens that stage successes, like successes in various other enterprises, have the ever-delightful element of surprise. When there was talk that the production of "Cyrano de Bergerac" would begin at 7.45 p. m. and last almost until the milkman's rounds, and that there were fifty odd speaking parts in the comedy, all the knowing ones wagged their knowing heads in a knowing way. Yet Richard Mansfield reaches





Hayes photo,

MAY GALVER.

In "On and Off."

the pinnacle of artistic and profitable success in "Cyrano"; and those managers of limber conscience, who took advantage of the non-copyright of the piece and, seeing some striking "situations" in it, sought to weed out its literary and poetic quality, have been duly rewarded by the merciful fate that occasionally does deal failure in the quarter it is deserved. Now some folks would have it that "Cyrano" has succeeded because the "romantic boom" in novel writing and drama is afloat. Others attribute the comedy's favor to the nose of the hero with the same stripe of logic with which they deduced the celebrity of "Trilby" from the heroine's perfectly mod-

eled foot. But there is no old century costume and romance in "The Christian" and no exaggerated limb or feature is to be found on any character in "Trelawny of the Wells," "Catherine" or "The Liars." Yet all these are great successes.

The truth is, perhaps, that any kind of play, which is human, witty, tender and dramatic and produced under the best conditions will succeed. The public, in truth, is not half so particular about the kind of play as about the cut of clothes. But the public will not be bored; and the best of playwrights, being merely human, occasionally, resembling our best and kindest friends, bore us intolerably.



Sarony photo.

ISABEL IRVING.

Leading lady of John Drew's Company

It may be conservative of the amenities of married life that managers believe so firmly in separating the leading man and leading woman who chance to be married. James K. Hackett and Mary Mannering formed a charming and gifted pair of "leads" of the Lyceum Theatre Company until they indulged in the extravagance of falling in love with each other according to no lines or plot of any dramatist save that mysterious playwright who casts the great stock company of mortals for the brief roles they are to play on the stage of the world. Now Mr. Hackett is touring the country in "The Tree of Knowledge," "Rupert of Hentzau" and other plays, while his fair spouse interprets Rose Trelawny at home. To be sure Mr. Hackett certainly deserves to star, and the best

of men must occasionally prefer their art to the best of wives. It is reassuring to know, however, that Miss Mannering may herself be starred next season and it is not improbable that husband and wife might constitute a very admirable attraction as joint stars. In the event of this departure, Miss Hilda Spong will become leading lady at the Lyceum.

Mrs. Fiske, who at one bound leaped to quite the loftiest position by her interpretation and production of "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," has decided to abandon for the present her contemplated production of "Vanity Fair." Everybody will be disappointed at the delay in her appearance as Becky Sharp; but the dramatization of the greatest novel of English society is almost a superhuman task and Mrs. Fiske is too conscientious an artist



Hayes photo

MARIE DERICKSEN.

Of John Drew's Company.

to allow it to be done in a slovenly or unworthy fashion.

The controversy between Hall Caine and Wilson Barrett over the English rights to the former's play, "The Christian," has led to no end of gossip and comment. A New York newspaper, a few days ago, printed what was claimed to be the statement of an English manager to the effect that Mr. Barrett, and not Mr. Caine, had actually written the dramatic version of the novel.

Miss Allen's managers are authority for the positive statement that Mr. Caine did write Miss Allen's play. The version



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FLORENCE ROCKWELL.

With Sol. Smith Russell.



Ellis photo

HILDA SPANG.

In "Trelawny of the Wells,"

which Mr. Barrett tendered to Williams and Musgrave, play producers in Australia, which they refused to present because it was but "a series of incidents," was Mr. Barrett's own, and not Mr. Caine's, and was made by him in Australia. Mr. Barrett's first communication to Mr. Caine in reference to "The Christian" was by cable from Australia. Therefore, Mr. Caine could not have made the version which Mr. Barrett devised to exploit there.

Mr. Caine's version, as originally tendered to Miss Allen, differed considerably from the present one. In the original manuscript there were five acts and no prologue. The first act scene was laid in the courtyard of the monastery of the Fathers of the Holy Gethsemane in London. When Miss Allen went to Greeba Castle, Isle of Man, in June last, to consult

with Mr. Caine, she suggested opening the piece with a prologue, the scene on the Isle of Man, and to begin the play proper with the music hall scene. Mr. Caine accepted her suggestions, and, practically in her presence, wrote the present first act, or prologue, and made changes throughout the original manuscript.

Isabel Irving has never done better than her performance in "The Liars." Her interpretation of the mendacious little minx of a wife, with a holy horror of sin and a most hungry hankering to see what it is like, is fully equal to her superb conception of the role. In connection with "The Liars," it is interesting to note that there is a rumor abroad which attributes the authorship of the comedy to the brilliant author of "Lady Windermere's Fan." It is said that Oscar Wilde, feeling the prejudice that might forestall his his very worthiest effort, persuaded Henry Arthur Jones to collaborate with him on "The Liars." The royalties due to Mr. Wilde, it is understood, are to be devoted to the education of his children. Henry Arthur Jones is alone billed as author of the comedy, and if the rumor be well founded, his generosity to a genius, who happens to be most unfortunate, is not the smallest deed in his brilliant career.

Rarely has there been seen a prettier scene and rarely has there been a more wholesome atmosphere in a French piece than in the last act of "On and Off." The picture of the home-life of the simple bour-

geois in a country town, their simple and healthy content, the perspective of the town street with its quaint brick houses, all combine to form a most memorable and charming scene.

Mr. Williams, two of our most delightful comedians, add to our pleasure by exceedingly felicitous comic effort, while Katherine Florence, ever demure and lovable, is admirably adapted to the general setting.

It is a question yet whether the dramatization of Marie Corelli's, "The Sorrows of Satan" is to prove a financial success.

The outlook nevertheless is promising. As for its literary or purely dramatic value or weight there could be no question. But Miss Corelli never bothers herself with such shibboleths. Miss Corelli has a mission and she is doing her most diligent to accomplish it, despite the groans of critics or carpers.

Her mission in "The Sorrows of Satan" is to habit Lucifer according to Poole, present him to the best circles, so that he may show the worldlings that in reality he would much prefer to see them be moral and virtuous and that it distresses him inexpressibly to be obliged to take them to hell. The idea is unique as straw-

berries with red pepper—and some folks like berries thus served. It makes one think with a sigh of regret, in these days of arid comic opera, what a brilliant librettist is misdirected in the person of the author of "Wormwood" and "The Romance of Two Worlds."



Photo  
by  
Morrison

KATHERINE FLORENCE.

In "On and Off."



## THE SECRET OF THE MASK.

BY  
RICHARD MARSH.

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"Wigmakers have brought their art to such perfection that it is difficult to detect false hair from real. Why should not the same skill be shown in the manufacture of a mask? Our faces, in one sense, are nothing but masks. Why should not the imitation be as good as the reality? Why, for instance, should not this face of mine, as you see it, be nothing but a mask—a something which I can take off and on?"

She laid her two hands softly against her cheeks. There was a ring of laughter in her voice.

"Such a mask would not only be, in the highest sense, a work of art, but it would also be a thing of beauty—a joy forever."

"You think that I am beautiful."

I could not doubt it—with her velvet skin just tinted with the bloom of health, her little dimpled chin, her ripe red lips, her flashing teeth, her great, inscrutable, dark eyes, her wealth of hair which gleamed in the sunlight. I told her so.

"So you think that I am beautiful? How odd—how very odd!"

I could not tell if she was in jest or earnest. Her lips were parted by a smile. But it did not seem to me that it was laughter, which was in her eyes.

"And you have only seen me, for the first time, a few hours ago?"

"Such has been my ill-fortune."

She rose. She stood for a moment looking down at me.

"And you think there is nothing in my theory about—a mask?"

"On the contrary, I think there is a great deal in any theory that you may advance."

A waiter brought me a card upon a salver.

"Gentleman wishes to see you, sir."

I glanced at the card. On it was printed, "George Davis, Scotland Yard." As I was looking at the piece of pasteboard she passed behind me.

"Perhaps I shall see you again, when we will continue our discussion about—a mask."

I rose and bowed. She went from the veranda down the steps into the garden. I turned to the waiter. "Who is that lady?"

"I don't know her name, sir. She came in last night. She has a private sitting-room at No. 22." He hesitated. Then he added, "I'm not sure, sir, but I think the lady's name is Jaynes—Mrs. Jaynes."

"Where is Mr. Davis? Show him into my room."

I went to my room and awaited him.

Mr. Davis proved to be a short, spare man, with iron-gray whiskers and a quiet, unassuming manner.

"You had my telegram, Mr. Davis?"

"We had, sir."

"I believe you are not unacquainted with my name?"

"Know it very well, sir."

"The circumstances of my case are so peculiar, Mr. Davis, that, instead of going to the local police, I thought it better to at once place myself in communication with headquarters." Mr. Davis bowed. "I came down yesterday afternoon by the express from Paddington. I was alone in a first-class carriage. At Swindon a young gentleman got in. He seemed to me to be about twenty-three or four years of age, and unmistakably a gentleman. We had some conversation together. At Bath he offered me a drink out of his flask. It was getting near evening then. I have been hard at it for the last few

weeks. I was tired. I suppose I fell asleep. In my sleep I dreamed."

"You dreamed?"

"I dreamed that I was being robbed." The detective smiled. "As you surmise, I woke up to find that my dream was real. But the curious part of the matter is that I am unable to tell you where my dream ended, and where my wakefulness began. I dreamed that something was leaning over me, rifling my person—some hideous, gasping thing which, in its eagerness, kept emitting short cries which were of the nature of barks. Although I say I dreamed this, I am not at all sure I did not actually see it taking place. The purse was drawn from my trousers pocket; something was taken out of it. I distinctly heard the chink of money, and then the purse was returned to where it was before. My watch and chain were taken, the studs out of my shirt, the links out of my wrist-bands. My pocket-book was treated as my purse had been—something was taken out of it and the book returned. My keys were taken. My dressing-bag was taken from the rack, opened, and articles were taken out of it, though I could not see what articles they were. The bag was replaced on the rack, the keys in my pocket."

"Didn't you see the face of the person who did all this?"

"That was the curious part of it. I tried to, but I failed. It seemed to me that the face was hidden by a veil."

"The thing was simple enough. We shall have to look for your young gentleman friend."

"Wait till I have finished. The thing—I say the thing because, in my dream, I was strongly, nay, horribly under the impression that I was at the mercy of some sort of animal, some creature of the ape or monkey tribe."

"There, certainly, you dreamed."

"You think so? Still, wait a moment. The thing, whatever it was, when it had robbed me, opened my shirt at the breast, and, deliberately tearing my skin with what seemed to me to be talons, put its mouth to the wound, and, gathering my flesh between its teeth, bit me to the bone. Here is sufficient evidence to prove that then, at least, I did not dream."

Unbuttoning my shirt I showed Mr. Davis the open cicatrice.

"The pain was so intense that it awoke

me. I sprang to my feet. I saw the thing."

"You saw it?"

"I saw it. It was crouching at the other end of the carriage. The door was open. I saw it for an instant as it leaped into the night."

"At what rate do you suppose the train was traveling?"

"The carriage blinds were drawn. The train had just left Newton Abbot. The creature must have been biting me when the train was actually drawn up at the platform. It leaped out of the carriage as the train was starting."

"And did you see the face?"

"I did. It was the face of a devil."

"Excuse me, Mr. Fountain, but you're not trying on me the plot of your next novel—just to see how it goes?"

"I wish I were, my lad, but I am not. It was the face of a devil—so hideous a face that the only detail I was able to grasp was that it had a pair of eyes which gleamed at me like burning coals."

"Where was the young gentleman?"

"He had disappeared."

"Precisely. And I suppose you did not only dream you had been robbed?"

"I had been robbed of everything which was of the slightest value, except eighteen shillings. Exactly that sum had been left in my purse."

"Now, perhaps you will give me a description of the young gentleman and his flask."

"I swear it was not he who robbed me."

"The possibility is that he was disguised. To my eye it seems unreasonable to suppose that he should have removed his disguise while engaged in the very act of robbing you. Anyhow, you give me his description, and I shouldn't be surprised if I was able to lay my finger on him on the spot."

I described him—the well-knit young man, with merry eyes, his slight moustache, his graceful manners.

"If he was a thief, then I am no judge of character. There was something about him which, to my eyes, marked him as emphatically a gentleman."

The detective only smiled.

"The first thing I shall have to do will be to telegraph all over the country a list of the stolen property. Then I may possibly treat myself to a little private thinking. Your story is rather a curious one, Mr.



Fountain, and later in the day I may want to say a word or two with you again—shall I find you here?"

I said that he would. When he had gone I sat down and wrote a letter. When I had finished the letter I went along the corridor towards the front door of the hotel. As I was going I saw in front of me a figure—the figure of a man. He was standing still, and his back was turned my way. But something about him struck me with such a sudden force of recognition that, stopping short, I stared. I suppose I must, unconsciously, have uttered some sort of exclamation, because the instant I stopped short, he wheeled right round, with a quick movement. We faced each other.

I hurried forward with a cry of recognition. He advanced, as I thought, to greet me. But he had only taken a step or two in my direction when he turned into a room upon his right, and, shutting the door behind him, disappeared.

"The man in the train!" I told myself.

If I had had any doubt upon the subject his sudden disappearance would have cleared my doubt away. If he was anxious to avoid a meeting with me all the more reason why I should seek an interview with him. I went to the door of the room which he had entered and, without the slightest hesitation, I turned the handle. The room was empty—there could be no doubt of that. It was an ordinary hotel sitting room, own brother to the one which I occupied myself, and, as I saw at a glance, contained no article of furniture behind which a person could be concealed. But at the other side of the room was another door.

"My gentleman," I said, "has gone through that."

Crossing the room again I turned the handle. This time without result—the door was locked. I rapped against the panels. Instantly some one addressed me from within.

"Who's that?"

The voice, to my surprise, and also somewhat to my discomfiture, was a woman's.

"Excuse me, but might I say one word to the gentleman who has just entered the room?"

"What's that? Who are you?"

"I'm the gentleman who came down with him in the train."

"What?"

The door opened. A woman appeared—the lady whom the waiter had said he believed was a Mrs. Jaynes, and who had advanced that curious story about a mask being made to imitate the human face. She had a dressing jacket on and her glorious hair was flowing loose over her shoulders. I was so surprised to see her that for a moment I was tongue-tied. The surprise seemed to be mutual, for, with a pretty air of bewilderment, stepping back



"I DREAMED THAT I WAS BEING ROBBED." "

into the room she partially closed the door.

"I thought it was the waiter. May I ask, sir, what it is you want?"

"I beg ten thousand pardons; but might I have just one word with your husband?"

"With whom, sir?"

"Your husband."

"My husband?"

Again throwing the door wide open she stood and stared at me.

"I refer, madam, to the gentleman whom I just saw enter the room."

"I don't know if you intend an impertinence, sir, or merely a jest."

Her lip curled, her eyes flashed—it was plain she was offended.

"I just saw, madam, in the corridor a gentleman with whom I traveled yesterday from London. I advanced to meet him. As I did so he turned into your sitting-room. When I followed him I found it empty, so I took it for granted he had come in here."

"You are mistaken, sir. I know no gentleman in the hotel. As for my husband, he has been dead three years."

I could not contradict her, yet it was certain I had seen the stranger turn into the outer room. I told her so.

"If any man entered my sitting-room—which was an unwarrantable liberty to take—he must be in it now. Except yourself no one has come near my bedroom. I have had the door locked, and, as you see, I have been dressing. Are you sure you have not been dreaming?"

If I had been dreaming I had been dreaming with my eyes open; and yet, if I had seen the man enter the room—and I could have sworn I had—where was he now? She offered, with scathing irony, to let me examine her own apartments. Indeed, she opened the door so wide that I could see all over it from where I stood. It was plain enough that, with the exception of herself, it had no occupant.

And yet, I asked myself, as I retreated how could I have been mistaken? The only hypothesis I could hit upon was, that my thoughts had been so deeply engaged upon the matter that they had made me the victim of hallucination. Perhaps my nervous system had temporarily been disorganized by my misadventures of the day before. And yet—and this was the final conclusion to which I came upon the matter—if I had not seen my fellow passenger standing in front of me, a creature of flesh and blood, I would never trust the evidence of my eyes again. The most ardent ghost-seer never saw a ghost in the middle of the day.

I went for a walk toward Babbicombe. My nerves might be a little out of order—though not to the extent of seeing things which were non-existent, and it was quite possible that fresh air and exercise might do them good. I lunched at Babbicombe, spending the afternoon, as the weather was so fine, upon the seashore, in company with my thoughts, my

pipe, and a book. But as the day wore on a sea mist stole over the land, and as I returned Torquaywards it was already growing dusk. I went back by way of the sea front. As I was passing Hesketh Crescent I stood for a moment looking out into the gloom which was gathering over the sea. As I looked I heard, or I thought that I heard, a sound just behind me. As I heard it the blood seemed to run cold in my veins, and I had to clutch at the coping of the sea wall to prevent my knees from giving way under me. It was the sound which I had heard in my dream in the train, and which had seemed to come from the creature which was robbing me: the cry or bark of some wild beast. It came once, one short, quick, gasping bark, then all was st

I looked round, fearing to see I know not what. Nothing was in sight. Yet, although nothing could be seen, I felt that there was something there. But, as the silence continued, I began to laugh at myself beneath my breath. I had not supposed that I was such a coward as to be frightened at less than a shadow! Moving away from the walk, I was about to resume my walk, when it came again—the choking, breathless bark—so close to me that I seemed to feel the warm breath upon my cheek. Looking swiftly round, I saw, almost touching mine, the face of the creature which I had seen, but only for an instant, in the train.

"Are you ill?"

"I am a little tired."

"You look as though you had seen a ghost. I am sure you are not well."

I did not feel well. I felt as though I had seen a ghost, and something worse than a ghost! I had found my way back to the hotel—how, I scarcely knew. The first person I met was Mrs. Jaynes. She was in the garden, which ran all round the building. My appearance seemed to occasion her anxiety.

"I am sure you are not well! Do sit down! Let me get you something to drink."

"Thanks. I will go to my own room. I have not been very well lately. A little upsets me."

She seemed reluctant to let me go. Her solicitude was flattering; though if there had been a little less of it I should have been equally content. She even offered me her arm. That I laughingly declined.



"'you !'"

I was not quite in such a piteous plight as to be in need of that. At last I escaped her. As I entered my sitting room some one rose to greet me. It was Mr. Davis.

"Mr. Fountain, are you not well?"

My appearance seemed to strike him as it had struck the lady.

"I have had a shock. Will you ring the bell and order me some brandy?"

"A shock?" He looked at me curiously. "What sort of a shock?"

"I will tell you when you have ordered the brandy. I really am in need of something to revive me. I fancy my nervous system must be altogether out of order."

He rang the bell. I sank into an easy chair, really grateful for the support which it afforded me. Although he sat still I was conscious that his eyes were on me all the time. When the waiter had brought the brandy Mr. Davis gave rein to his curiosity.

"I hope that nothing serious has happened?"

"It depends upon what you call serious." I paused to allow the spirit to take effect. It did me good. "You remember what I told you about the strange sound which was uttered by the creature which robbed me in the train. I have heard that sound again."

"Indeed?" He observed me attentively. I had thought he would be sceptical—he was not. "Can you describe the sound?"

"It is difficult to describe, though when it is once heard it is impossible not to recognize it when it is heard again."

I shuddered as I thought of it. "It is like the cry of some wild beast when in a state of frenzy—just a short, jerky, half strangled yelp."

"May I ask what were the circumstances under which you heard it?"

"I was looking at the sea in front of Hesketh Crescent. I heard it close behind me, not once, but twice. And the second time I—I saw the face which I saw in the train."

I took another drink of brandy. I fancy that Mr. Davis saw how even the mere recollection affected me.

"Do you think that your assailant could by any possibility have been a woman?"

"A woman!"

"Was the face you saw anything like that?"

He produced from his pocket a pocket-book, and from the pocket-book a photograph. He handed it to me. I regarded it intently. It was not a good photograph, but it was a strange one. The more I looked at it the more it grew upon me that there was a likeness—a dim and fugitive likeness, but still a likeness to the face which had glared at me only half an hour before.

"But surely this is not a woman?"

"Tell me, first of all, if you trace in it any resemblance?"

"I do, and I don't. In the portrait the face, as I know it, is grossly flattered, and yet in the portrait it is sufficiently hideous."

Mr. Davis stood up. He seemed a little excited.

"I believe I have hit it!"

"You have hit it?"

"The portrait which you hold in your hand is the portrait of a criminal lunatic who escaped last week from Broadmoor."

"A criminal lunatic!"

As I looked at the portrait I perceived that it was the face of a lunatic.

"The woman—for it is a woman—is a perfect devil—as artful as she is wicked. She was there during Her Majesty's pleasure for a murder which was attended with details of horrible cruelty. She was more than suspected of having had a hand in other crimes. Since that portrait was taken she has deliberately burnt her face with a red-hot poker, disfiguring herself almost beyond recognition."

"There is another circumstance which I should mention, Mr. Davis. Do you know that this morning I saw the young gentleman, too?"

The detective stared.

"What young gentleman?"

"The young fellow who got into the train at Swindon, and who offered me his flask."

"You saw him! Where?"

"Here, in the hotel."

"The devil you did! And you spoke to him?"

"I tried to."

"And he hooked it?"

"That is the odd part of the thing. You will say there is something odd about everything I tell you, and I must confess, there is. When you left me this morning I wrote a letter; when I had written it I left the room. As I was going along the corridor I saw, in front of me, the young man who was with me in the train."

"You are sure it was he?"

"Certain! When first I saw him he had his back to me. I suppose he heard me coming. Anyhow, he turned, and we were face to face. The recognition, I believe, was mutual, because as I advanced——"

"He fled?"

"He turned into a room upon his right."

"Of course you followed him?"

"I did. I made no bones about it. I was not three seconds after him, but when I entered, the room was empty."

"Empty!"

"It was an ordinary sitting room like this, but on the other side of it there was

a door. I tried that door. It was locked. I rapped with my knuckles. A woman answered."

"A woman?"

"A woman! She not only answered, she came out."

"Was she anything like that portrait?"

I laughed. The idea of instituting any comparison between the horror in the portrait and that vision of health and loveliness was too ludicrous.

"She was a lady who is stopping in the hotel, with whom I already had had some conversation, and who is about as unlike that portrait as anything could possibly be—a Mrs. Jaynes."

"Jaynes? A Mrs. Jaynes?" The detective bit his finger nails. He seemed to be turning something over in his mind. "And did you see the man?"

"That is where the oddness of the thing comes in. She declared that there was no man."

"What do you mean?"

"She declared that no one had been near her bedroom while she had been in it. That there was no one in it at that particular moment, is beyond a doubt, because she opened the door to let me see. I am inclined to think, upon reflection, that, after all, the man may have been concealed in the outer room, that I overlooked him in my haste, and that he made good his escape while I was knocking at the lady's door."

"But if he had a finger in the pie, that knocks the other theory upon the head." He nodded toward the portrait which I was still holding in my hand. "A man like that would scarcely have such a pal as Mary Brooker."

"I confess, Mr. Davis, that the whole affair is a mystery to me. I suppose that your theory is that the flask out of which I drank was drugged?"

"I should say upon the face of it that there can't be two doubts about that." The detective stood reflecting. "I should like to have a look at this Mrs. Jaynes. I will have a look at her. I'll go down to the office here, and I think it's just possible that I may be treated to a peep at her room."

When he had gone I was haunted by the thought of that criminal lunatic, who was at least so far sane that she had been able to make good her escape from Broadmoor. It was only when Mr. Davis had left me that I discovered that he had left

the portrait behind him. I looked at it. What a face it was!

"Think," I said to myself, "of being left at the mercy of such a woman as that!"

The words had scarcely left my lips, when, without any warning, the door of my room opened, and, just as I was taking it for granted that it was Mr. Davis coming back for his portrait, in walked the young man with whom I had traveled in the train! He was dressed exactly as he had been yesterday, and wore the same indefinable but unmistakable something which denotes good breeding.

"Excuse me," he observed, as he stood with the handle of the door in one hand and his hat in the other, "but I believe you are the gentleman with whom I traveled yesterday from Swindon?" In my surprise I was for a moment tongue-tied. "I do not think I have made a mistake?"

"No," I said, or rather stammered, "you have not made a mistake."

"It is only by a fortunate accident that I have just learnt that you are staying in the hotel. Pardon my intrusion, but when I changed carriages at Exeter I left behind me a cigar case."

"A cigar case?"

"Did you notice it? I thought it might have caught your eye. It was a present to me, and one I greatly valued. It matched this flask."

Coming a step or two toward me he held out a flask—the identical flask from which I had drunk! I stared alternately at him and at his flask.

"I was not aware that you changed carriages at Exeter."

"I wondered if you noticed it. I fancy you were asleep."

"A singular thing happened to me before I reached my journey's end—a singular and a disagreeable thing."

"How do you mean?"

"I was robbed."

"Robbed?"

"Did you notice anybody get into the carriage when you, as you say, got out?"

"Not that I am aware of. You know it was pretty dark. Why, good gracious! is it possible that after all it wasn't my imagination?"

"What wasn't your imagination?"

He came closer to me—so close that he touched my sleeve with his gloved hand.

"Do you know why I left the carriage

when I did? I left it because I was bothered by the thought that there was some one in it besides us two."

"Some one in it besides us two?"

"Some one underneath the seat. I was dozing off as you were doing. More than once I woke up under the impression that some one was twitching my legs beneath the seat; pinching them—even pricking them."

"Did you not look to see if any one was there?"

"You will laugh at me, but—I suppose I was silly—something restrained me. I preferred to make a bolt of it, and become the victim of my own imagination."

"You left me to become the victim of something besides your imagination, if what you say is correct."

All at once the stranger made a dart at the table. I suppose he had seen the portrait lying there, because, without any sort of ceremony, he picked it up and stared at it. As I observed him, commenting inwardly about the fellow's coolness, I distinctly saw a shudder pass all over him. Possibly it was a shudder of aversion because, when he had stared his fill, he turned to me, and asked:

"Who, may I ask, is this hideous looking creature?"

"That is a criminal lunatic who has escaped from Broadmoor—one Mary Brooker."

"Mary Brooker! Mary Brooker! Mary Brooker's face will haunt me for many a day."

He laid the portrait down hesitatingly, as if it had for him some dreadful fascination which made him reluctant to let it go. Wholly at a loss what to say or do, whether to detain the man or to permit him to depart, I turned away and moved across the room. The instant I did so I heard behind me the sharp, frenzied yelp which I had heard in the train, and which I had heard again when I had been looking at the sea in front of Hesketh Crescent. I turned as on a pivot. The young man was staring at me.

"Did you hear that?" he said.

"Hear it! Of course, I heard it."

"Good God!" He was shuddering so that it seemed to me that he could scarcely stand. "Do you know that it was that sound from underneath the seat in the carriage which made me make a bolt of it? I—I'm afraid you must excuse me. There—there's my card. I'm staying at

the Royal. I will perhaps look you up again to-morrow."

Before I had recovered my presence of mind sufficiently to interfere he had moved to the door and was out of the room. As he went out Mr. Davis entered; they must have brushed each other as they passed.

"I forgot the portrait of that Brooker woman," Mr. Davis began.

"Why didn't you stop him?" I exclaimed.

"Stop whom?"

"Didn't you see him—the man who just went out?"

"Why should I stop him? Isn't he a friend of yours?"

"He's the man who traveled in the carriage with me from Swindon."

Davis was out of the room like a flash of lightning. When he returned he returned alone.

"Where is he?" I demanded.

"That's what I should like to know."

Mr. Davis wiped his brow. "He must have traveled at the rate of about sixty miles an hour—he's nowhere to be seen. Whatever made you let him go?"

"He left his card." I took it up. It was inscribed "George Etherege, Coliseum Club." "He says he is staying at the Royal Hotel. I don't believe he had anything to do with the robbery. He came to me in the most natural manner possible to inquire for a cigar case which he left behind him in the carriage. He says that while I was sleeping he changed carriages at Exeter because he suspected that some one was underneath the seat."

"Did he, indeed?"

"He says that he did not look to see if anybody was actually there because—well, something restrained him."

"I should like to have a little conversation with that young gentleman."

"I believe he spoke the truth for this reason. While he was talking there came the sound which I have described to you before."

"The sort of bark?"

"The sort of bark. There was nothing to show from whence it came. I declare to you that it seemed to me that it came out of space. I never saw a man so frightened as he was. As he stood trembling, just where you are standing now, he stammered out that it was because he had heard that sound come from underneath the seat in the carriage that he had decided that discretion was the better part of

valor, and, instead of gratifying his curiosity, had chosen to retreat."

The dinner had commenced when I sat down. My right-hand neighbor was Mrs. Jaynes. She asked me if I still suffered any ill effects from my fatigue.

"I suppose," she said, when I assured her that all ill effects had passed away, "that you have not thought anything of what I said to you this morning—about my theory of the mask?"

I confessed that I had not.

"You should. It is a subject which is a crotchet of mine, and to which I have devoted many years—many curious years of my life."

"I own that, personally, I do not see exactly where the interest comes in."

"No? Do me a favor. Come to my sitting-room after dinner, and I will show you where the interest comes in."

"How do you mean?"

"Come and see."

She amused me. I went and saw. Dinner being finished, her proceedings when together we entered her apartment—that apartment which in the morning I thought I had seen entered by my fellow-passenger—took me a little by surprise.

"Now I am going to make you my confidant—you, an entire stranger—you, whom I never saw in my life before this morning. I am a judge of character, and in you I feel that I may place implicit confidence. I am going to show you all my secrets; I am going to induct you into the hidden mysteries; I am going to lay bare before you the mind of an inventor. But it doesn't follow because I have confidence in you that I have confidence in all the world besides, so, before we begin, if you please, I will lock the door."

As she was suiting the action to the word I ventured to remonstrate.

"But, my dear madam, don't you think——"

"I think nothing. I know that I don't wish to be taken unawares, and to have published what I have devoted the better portion of my life to keeping secret."

"But if these matters are of such a confidential nature I assure you——"

"My good sir, I lock the door."

She did. I was sorry that I had accepted so hastily her invitation, but I yielded. The door was locked. Going to the fireplace she leaned her arm upon the mantelshelf.

"Did it ever occur to you," she asked,



"what possibilities might be open to us if, for instance, Smith could temporarily become Jones?"

"I don't quite follow you," I said. I didn't.

"Suppose that you could at will become another person, and in the character of that other person could move about unrecognized among your friends, what lessons you might learn!"

"I suspect," I murmured, "that they would for the most part be lessons of a decidedly unpleasant kind."

"Carry the

idea a step further. Think of the possibilities of a dual existence. Think of living two distinct and separate lives. Think of doing as Robinson what you condemn as Brown. Think of doubling the parts and hiding within your own breast the secret of the double; think of leading a triple life; think of leading many lives in one—of being the old man and the young, the husband and the wife, the father and the son."

"Think, in other words, of the unattainable."

"Not unattainable!" Moving away from the mantel-shelf, she raised her hand above her head with a gesture which was all at once dramatic. "I have attained!"

"You have attained? To what?"

"To the multiple existence. It is the secret of the mask. I told myself some years ago that it ought to be possible to make a mask which should in every respect so closely resemble the human

countenance that it would be difficult, if not impossible, even under the most trying conditions, to tell the false face from the real. I made experiments. I succeeded. I learnt the secret of the mask. Look at that."

She took a leather case from her pocket. Abstracting its contents she handed them to me. I was holding in my hand what seemed to me to be a preparation of some sort of skin—gold-beater's skin, it might have been. On one side it was curiously,

and even delicately, painted. On the other side there were fastened to the skin some oddly shaped bosses or pads. The whole affair, I suppose, did not weigh half an ounce. While I was examining it Mrs. Jaynes stood looking down at me.

"You hold in your hand," she said, "the secret of the mask. Give it to me."

I gave it to her. With it in her hand she disappeared into the room beyond. Hardly had she vanished than the bedroom door re-opened, and an old lady came out.

"My daughter begs you will excuse her." She was a quaint old lady, about sixty years of age, with silver hair, and the corkscrew ringlets of a bygone day. "My daughter is not very ceremonious, and is so wrapt up in what she calls her experiments that I sometimes tell her she is wanting in consideration. While she is making her preparations, perhaps you will allow me to offer you a cup of tea."

The old lady carried a canister in her



"THE DOOR OPENED—A WOMAN APPEARED."

hand, which, apparently, contained tea. A tea-service was standing on a little side-table. A kettle was singing on the hob. The old lady began to measure out the tea into the teapot.

"We always carry our tea with us. Neither my daughter nor I care for the tea which they give you in hotels."

I meekly acquiesced. To tell the truth I was a trifle bewildered. I had no idea that Mrs. Jaynes was accompanied by her mother. Had not the old lady come out of the room immediately after the young one had gone into it I should have suspected a trick—that I was being made the subject of experiment with the mysterious "mask." As it was, I was more than half inclined to ask her if she was really what she seemed to be. But I decided—as it turned out most unfortunately—to keep my own counsel and to watch the sequence of events. Pouring me out a cup of tea, the old lady seated herself on a low chair in front of the fire.

"My daughter thinks a great deal of her experiments. I hope you will not encourage her. She quite frightens me at times. She says such dreadful things."

I sipped my tea and smiled.

"I don't think there is much cause for fear."

"No cause for fear when she tells one that she might commit a murder; that a hundred thousand people might see her do it, and that not by any possibility could the crime be brought home to her!"

"Perhaps she exaggerates a little."

"Do you think that she can hear?"

The old lady glanced round in the direction of the bedroom door.

"You should know better than I. Perhaps it would be as well to say nothing which you would not like her to hear."

"But I must tell some one. It frightens me. She says it is a dream she had."

"I don't think, if I were you, I would pay much attention to a dream."

The old lady rose from her seat. I did not altogether like her manner. She came and stood in front of me, rubbing her hands, nervously, one over the other. She certainly seemed considerably disturbed.

"She came down yesterday from London, and she says she dreamed that she tried one of her experiments—in the train."

"In the train!"

"And in order that her experiment might be thorough she robbed a man."

"She robbed a man!"

"And in her pocket I found this."

The old lady held out my watch and chain! It was unmistakable. The watch was a hunter. I could see that my crest and monogram were engraved upon the case. I stood up. The strangest part of the affair was that when I gained my feet it seemed as though something had happened to my legs—I could not move them. Probably something in my demeanor struck the old lady as strange. She smiled at me.

"What is the matter with you? Why do you look so funny?" she exclaimed.

"That is my watch and chain."

"Your watch and chain—yours! Then why don't you take them?"

She held them out to me in her extended palm. She was not six feet from where I stood, yet I could not reach them. My feet seemed glued to the floor.

"I—I cannot move. Something has happened to my legs."

"Perhaps it is the tea. I will go and tell my daughter."

Before I could say a word to stop her she was gone. I was fastened like a post to the ground. What had happened to me was more than I could say. It had all come in an instant. I felt as I had felt in the railway carriage the day before—as though I were in a dream. I looked around me. I saw the teacup on the little table at my side. I saw the flickering fire, I saw the shaded lamps; I was conscious of the presence of all these things, but I saw them as if I saw them in a dream. A sense of nausea was stealing over me—a sense of horror. I was afraid of I knew not what. I was unable to ward off or to control my fear.

I cannot say how long I stood there—certainly some minutes—helpless, struggling against the pressure which seemed to weigh upon my brain. Suddenly, without any sort of warning, the bedroom door opened, and there walked into the room the young man who before dinner had visited me in my own apartment, and who yesterday had traveled with me in the train. He came straight across the room, and, with the most perfect coolness, stood right in front of me. I could see that in his shirt-front were my studs. When he raised his hands I could see that in his wristbands were my links. I could see that he was wearing my watch and chain. He was actually holding my watch in his

hand when he addressed me.

"I have only half a minute to spare, but I wanted to speak to you about—Mary Brooker. I saw her portrait in your room—you remember? She's what is called a criminal lunatic—and she's escaped from Broadmoor. Let me see, I think it was a week to-day—and just about this time—no, it's now a quarter to nine; it was just after nine." He slipped my watch into his waistcoat pocket. "She's still at large, you know. They're on the look-out for her all over England, but she's still at large. They say she's a lunatic. There are lunatics at Broadmoor, but she's not one. She's no more a lunatic than you or I."

He touched me lightly on the chest. Such was my extreme disgust at being brought into physical contact with him that even before the slight pressure of his fingers my legs gave way under me, and I sank back into my chair.

"You're not asleep?"

"No," I said. "I am not asleep."

Even in my stupified condition I was conscious of a desire to leap up and take him by the throat. Nothing of this, however, was portrayed upon my face; or, at any rate, he showed no sign of being struck by it.

"She's a misunderstood genius, that's what Mary Brooker is. She has her tastes and people do not understand them. She likes to kill—to kill! One of these days she means to kill herself; but in the meantime she takes pleasure in killing others."

Seating himself on a corner of the table at my side, allowing one foot to rest upon

the ground, he swung the other in the air.

"She's a bit of an actress, too. She wanted to go upon the stage, but they said that she was mad. They were jealous, that's what it was. She's the finest actress in the world. Her acting would deceive the devil himself—they allowed that, even at Broadmoor. But she only uses her powers for acting to gratify her taste—for killing. It was only the other day she bought this knife."

He took, apparently out of the bosom of his vest, a long, glittering, cruel-looking knife.

"It's sharp. Feel the point—and the edge."

He held it out toward me. I did not attempt to touch it. It is probable that I should not have succeeded even if I had attempted.

"You won't? Well, perhaps you're right. It's not much fun killing people with a knife. A knife's all very well to use for cutting them up afterwards, but she likes to do the actual killing with her own hands and nails. I shouldn't be surprised if, one of these



"'IN HER POCKET I FOUND THIS.'"

days, she were to kill you. Perhaps tonight. It is a long time since she killed any one, and she is hungry. Sorry I can't stay. But this day week she escaped from Broadmoor as the clock had finished striking nine, and it only wants ten minutes, you see."

He looked at my watch—even holding it out for me to see.

"Good night!"

With a careless nod he moved across the room, holding the glittering knife in his hand. When he reached the bedroom door

he turned and smiled. Raising the knife, he waved it towards me in the air. Then he disappeared into the inner room.

I was again alone—possibly for a minute or more; but this time it seemed to me that my solitude continued only for a few fleeting seconds. Perhaps the time went faster because I felt, or thought I felt, that the pressure on my brain was giving way; that I only had to make an effort of sufficient force to be myself again and free. The power of making such an effort was temporarily absent, but something within seemed to tell me that at any moment it might return. The bedroom door—that door which, even as I looked back, seems to have been really and truly a door in some unpleasant dream—reopened. Mrs. Jaynes came in. With rapid strides she swept across the room. She had something in her right hand which she threw upon the table.

"Well," she cried, "what do you think of the secret of the mask?"

"The secret of the mask?"

Although my limbs were powerless throughout it all, I retained to a certain extent the control of my own voice.

"See here—it is such a little thing." She picked up the two objects which she had thrown upon the table. One of them was the preparation of some sort of skin which she had shown to me before. "These are the masks. You would not think that they were perfect representations of the human face—that masterpiece of creative art—and yet they are. All the world would be deceived by them as you have been. This is an old woman's face, this is the face of a young man." As she held them up I could see, though still a little dimly, that the objects which she dangled before my eyes were, as she said, veritable masks. "So perfect are they, they might have been skinned from the fronts of living creatures. They are such little things, yet I have made them—with what toil! They have been the work of years, these two, and just one other. You see nothing satisfied me but perfection. I have made hundreds to make these two. People could not make out what I was doing. They thought that I was making toys. I told them that I was. They smiled at me. They thought that it was a new phase of madness. If that be so, then in madness there is more cool, enduring, unconquerable resolution than in all your sanity. I meant to conquer, and I did.

Failure did not dishearten me. I went straight on. I had a purpose to fulfill; I would have fulfilled it even though I should have had first to die. Well, it is fulfilled."

Turning, she flung the masks into the fire. They were immediately in flames. She pointed to them as they burned.

"The labor of years is soon consumed. But I should not have triumphed had I not been endowed with genius—the genius of the actor's art. I told myself that I would play certain parts—parts which would fit the mask—and that I would be the parts I played. Not only across the footlights, not only with a certain amount of space between my audience and me, not only for the passing hour, but, if I chose, for ever and for ever. So all through the years I rehearsed these parts when I was not engaged upon the masks. That, they thought, was madness in another phase. One of the parts"—she came closer to me; her voice became shriller—"one of the parts was that of an old woman. Have you seen her? She is in the fire." She jerked her thumb in the direction of the fireplace. "Her part is played—she had to see that the tea was drunk. Another of the parts was that of a young gentleman. Think of my playing the man! Absurd. For there is that about a woman which is not to be disguised. She always reveals her sex when she puts on men's clothes. You noticed it, did you not? When, before dinner, he came to you; when you saw him in the corridor this morning; when yesterday he spent an hour with you in the train? I know you noticed it because of these."

She drew out of her pocket a handful of things. There were my links, my studs, my watch and chain, other properties of mine. Although the influence of the drug which had been administered to me in the tea was passing off, I felt, even more than ever, as though I were an actor in a dream.

"The third part which I chose to play was the part of—Mrs. Jaynes!"

Clasping her hands behind her back, she posed in front of me in an attitude which was essentially dramatic.

"Look at me well. Scan all my points. Appraise me. You say that I am beautiful. I saw that you admired my hair, which flows loose upon my shoulders"—she unloosened the fastenings of her hair so that it did flow loose upon her shoulders—"the bloom upon my cheeks, the

dimple in my chin, my face in its entirety. It is the secret of the mask, my friend—the secret of the mask! You ask me why I have watched, and toiled, and schemed to make the secret mine.” She stretched out her hand with an uncanny gesture. “Because I wished to gratify my taste for killing. Yesterday I might have killed you; to-night I will.”

She did something to her head and dress. There was a rustle of drapery. It was like a conjurer’s change. Mrs. Jaynes had gone, and instead there stood before me the creature with, as I had described it to Davis, the face of a devil—the face I had seen in the train. The transformation in its entirety was wonderful. Mrs. Jaynes was a fine, stately woman with a swelling bust and in the prime of life. This was a lank, scraggy creature, with short gray hair—fifty, if a day. The change extended even to the voice. Mrs. Jaynes had the soft, cultivated accents of a lady. This creature shrieked rather than spoke.

“I,” she screamed, “am Mary Brooker. It is a week to-day since I won freedom. The bloodhounds are everywhere upon my track. They are drawing near. But they shall not have me till I first of all have you.”

She came closer, crouching forward, glaring at me with a maniac’s eyes. From her lips there came that hideous cry, half gasp, half yelp, which had haunted me since the day before, when I had heard it in my stupor in the train.

“I scratched you yesterday. I bit you.

I sucked your blood. Now I will suck it dry, for you are mine.”

She reckoned without her host. I had only sipped the tea. I had not, as I had doubtless been intended to do, emptied the cup. I was again master of myself; I was only awaiting a favorable opportunity to close. I meant to fight for life.

She came nearer to me and nearer, uttering all the time that blood-curdling sound which was so like the frenzied cry of some maddened animal. When her extended hands were all but touching me I rose up and took her by the throat. She had evidently supposed that I was still under the influence of the drug, because when I seized her she gave a shriek of astonished rage. I had taken her unawares. I had her over on her back. But I soon found that I had undertaken more than I could carry through. She had not only the face of a devil, she had the strength of one. She flung me off as easily as though I were a child. In her turn she had me down upon my back. Her fingers closed about my neck. I could not shake her off. She was strangling me.

She would have strangled me—she nearly did. When, attracted by the creature’s hideous cries, which were heard from without, they forced their way into the room, they found me lying unconscious, and, as they thought, dead, upon the floor. For days I hung between life and death. When life did come back again Mary Brooker was once more an inmate of Her Majesty’s house of detention at Broadmoor.



# THE ADVENTURES OF AN AMBASSADOR

BY  
GORDON LOCH

IV.

## A FILIBUSTERING EXPEDITION

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A momentary pause in the conversation was immediately followed by Lady Derwentwater's signal for an adjournment to the drawing-room. With one accord every one present rose and turned eyes toward the door through which the beauties of the vice-regal court defiled.

When Lady Derwentwater arrived at the portals she turned and with infinite grace curtsied low to her liege lord, who stood with his back to the table and facing the exit to the banquetting hall. Her act of homage, devoted wife though she was, was not paid to the Earl in his capacity of husband—alas! the "lord and master" ideal in matrimony did not survive the mediaeval ages—but in that of representative of Her Gracious Majesty at the vice-regal Court of Ireland.

As the ladies one by one performed the act of obeisance, the privileged mortals who could smoke their cigarette in full view of the world had the best opportunity of satisfying a natural curiosity regarding their fair fellow-guests. A pretty girl—a distinct brunette—of obviously foreign birth, sank low when her turn arrived to render homage to the sovereign's representative, but there appeared to me, and I was comparatively near to her, to be just the smallest twinkle in her eye, and that her lips pursed into a distinct moue not at all unbecoming. She was undoubtedly amused at the ceremony, and with the perspicuity of a Sherlock Holmes, I decided that she was a fair republican. I was somewhat curious to know who she was, and my curiosity was soon satisfied, for a bearded man whom I recognized as a visitor at the same hotel as the one at which I was staying, apparently involuntarily exclaimed, "By Jove! Senorita Viborilla, by all that's wonderful!"

The words were hardly spoken when a voice at his elbow murmured, "She was—now she is Madame Blanquilla."

"To be sure! I knew her as the Senorita Viborilla—hence the mistake. Her husband, I suppose, is here, he——"

"I am he."

I heard no more of the conversation, and probably should not have thought of it again if I had not met the speaker under somewhat untoward circumstances which rendered at least an acquaintance necessary. I had sent my wife to the hotel in a friend's carriage, and, the night being perfectly glorious, I made my way back on foot chiefly for the benefit of the walk, which engendered a better appreciation of an excellent cigar. I have no desire to libel the Liffey, so I will merely say that there was on the night in question no special inducement to linger in its vicinity. So with hasty footsteps I hurried across O'Connell Bridge and down Sackville street, where I had the felicity of intercepting a rogue who was making off with the watch of my bearded friend of the banquet. The watch recovered and the man admonished and pardoned—the owner of the timepiece was leaving the following morning and had no desire to prosecute—we returned to the hotel together, chatting over the events of the evening and our mutual acquaintances. As was only natural in the course of our conversation, the name of the representative of the Central American State of Yucarica, Senor Manuel Blanquilla, was mentioned, and eventually I induced my companion, Sir Henry Dale Fraser, a politician well known in the Colonies, to relate the story which I saw was imminent.

"Blanquilla," he began, apologetically, "is now a man of fabulous wealth. He is therefore a man who is the object of a vast amount of impertinent curiosity, and of course to supply the material to satisfy this a great number of stories are invented which have not the slightest foundation. It is consequently with the greatest reservation, especially in view of the fact that



he was a guest at the vice-regal court this evening—his official position, however, may account for his invitation—that I retail the story which was related to me by one in a very good position to know the real facts.

"In the early seventies, after a desultory warfare of some years, Yucarica wrested its independence from the State of Nicalvador, to whom it owed allegiance, and forthwith elected as President a long-headed Scotchman who had tended the wounded when not leading the Yucaricans to the attack, and had so won the confidence and affection of his comrades. This man, President—formerly "Doctor"—McDonald saw that until Yucarica was in such a position that Nicalvador would think twice before attacking her, his State would be in a condition of perpetual unrest; and also that Nicalvador was from the position of her chief towns on the seaboard practically at the mercy of a naval force. He forthwith created the Yucarican navy at an expense that argued well for the spirit of self-sacrifice imbued by the Yucaricans—I mention these small matters regarding the armament of Yucarica in order that you should recognize that that State was in those days of some importance in the Caribbean Sea, and the head of the offensive and defensive alliance that existed in Central America.

"The Yucarican Minister at Cuba—with which island a considerable trade was carried on—was at that time José Viborilla, a man of an exceedingly fiery disposition, and one exceedingly jealous of the privileges of the world of diplomacy, upon the etiquette of which no one in diplomatic circles ever insisted with greater vehemence. Notwithstanding these little foibles, there were few houses in Havana more popular than Viborilla's, and this popularity was undoubtedly due to the beauty and exceeding charm of manner which was a special attribute of Julia Viborilla, José's only daughter, and—the man was a widower—only near relative.

"Among the many who visited the Villa Julia there was no one more assiduous than Captain Blanquilla, a young man who was in command of a trading vessel that sailed between the Yucarican capital and the principal town in Cuba. He never omitted to pay his respects to his Minister, and incidentally his homage to his Minister's daughter, on every possible occasion.

"When the course of events, which was

very pleasant, sent Blanquilla to Viborilla's office on a quest that turned out to be the reverse of pleasing the latter gentleman, though professing to be exceedingly honored at the proposal made by the Captain, asked him whether in the event of his giving him his daughter Julia he could provide her with an establishment such as the one to which she had hitherto been accustomed. Blanquilla explained that though he could not at the moment do so, in the course of a few years he hoped—whereupon Viborilla blandly remarked he hoped so, too, but in the meanwhile he must decline on his daughter's behalf the honor of the Captain's proposals, and the dazzling prospects which he held out for the future. In the meanwhile he greatly regretted that he should be unable to enjoy the pleasure of Captain Blanquilla's company at the Villa Julia any further. Blanquilla did not immediately go forth from the Villa and blow out his brains in despair, but like a wise man cast around for a means of increasing his fortune at express rates, and, having been forbidden the house, formulated a plan for keeping open communications with its fairest inmate. As things turned out, the fact that the Senorita Julia always knew the Captain's plans had a most important bearing on his fortunes.

"Fortunes, by the way, at that time were not made in a day in Yucarica, though when gold was discovered some twelve months later, some fair hauls were made in the space of twenty-four hours. Blanquilla resigned his post at the first convenient opportunity and was waiting at Truplaco, the chief port of Yucarica, until a convenient opportunity offered itself whereby he could transport himself to the States, when a plan occurred to him that promised to help greatly in his race for wealth.

"He forthwith wrote to the Senorita Julia.

"The plan came into being simultaneously with an overwhelming desire to assist the Cuban insurgents, with whom I regret to say, until that moment he had not professed any particular interest, and was none other than a filibustering expedition, at least that was Blanquilla's description of it to his most intimate friends.

"The enterprise upon which Blanquilla embarked was not unknown in Truplaco, but there was a certain amount of originality with regard to his expedition that

others lacked. He did not, for example, form a company, but he kept the whole enterprise to himself, nor did he purchase a swift steamer painted gray or black, indeed, the 'San Lucia' was as decrepit a ship as ever left the shores of Yucarica, and Blanquilla purchased her dirt cheap. As for secrecy with regard to her loading, though the cases and bags perhaps did not contain exactly what the labels upon them asserted, there was none of it.

"This exceeding frankness was intended to disarm suspicions, but alas! such is the character of the Central American, it only served to add to the feeling of distrust engendered by the secret agents of Spain at Truplaco when they viewed the loading.

"When the cargo had been got on board, Captain Blanquilla received a letter from Julia Viborilla which caused him to hasten his departure pretty considerably. And the secret agent who had been engaged in endeavoring to discover the destination of divers stands of small arms used in the war of rebellion, but which had been superseded by more modern weapons in the Yucarican army, thought it necessary to charter a swift steamer and proceed hastily to Havana. No cable existed in those days between Truplaco and Cuba.

"It may be admitted at once that her best friends, the ship agents who sold her to Blanquilla, could not call the 'San Lucia' a 'greyhound of the ocean,' indeed truth compels us to state that she more closely resembled the testudo elephantopus, or giant tortoise, than any other living creature, and it was not until three whole days had elapsed that she arrived within easy distance of the Tropic of Cancer, or rather of that portion of it opposite Bahia Honda—which was not, by the way, her destination.

"All went well with the 'San Lucia' and the expedition she carried until in the vicinity of latitude 23.14 north, longitude 82.30 west, which she reached a short time before sundown on the fourth day, when a vessel appeared on the western horizon, that, as she rapidly overhauled the 'San Lucia,' bore a striking resemblance to a Spanish cruiser and one whose commander appeared to have made up his mind to transact business with Captain Blanquilla—business the reverse of pleasant. To add to their misfortunes, the wind dropped and to all intents and pur-

poses things appeared to be altogether hopeless for the expedition. So bad, indeed, did they appear, that Blanquilla ordered several cases to be thrown overboard, a fact apparently not overlooked by the lookout man on the cruiser in view of the dense volumes of smoke that soon after began to pour from the funnels of that vessel. A few minutes of calm, however, were followed by a breeze, and once again the sails of the unfortunate vessel filled, and she again essayed to make her escape good by endeavoring to keep out of the clutches of the enemy until the short tropical twilight had faded away and the mantle of night had been drawn between pursuer and pursued.

"It was about this time that Blanquilla looked more anxiously ahead than astern, and a deep sigh of satisfaction escaped his lips when, through the gathering darkness, he descried a small launch advancing to meet him—he failed to notice still further behind yet another steamer following in the tracks of the launch.

"The next stage in the history of Blanquilla's undertaking was the firing of a blank cartridge by the 'Escorial.' As a reply Blanquilla blandly hoisted the flag of Yucarica, and held on his course, a proceeding that apparently failed to please the exigent captain of the 'Escorial,' who forthwith sent a shell hustling into the sea just in front of the filibuster's bow, a hint that Blanquilla could not fail to observe. In a few minutes the 'San Lucia' lay idly on the bosom of the sea awaiting the cruiser's arrival, and incidentally that of the launch, which had a much shorter distance to cover, and ultimately arrived first.

"The Senorita Viborilla, the sole passenger on the launch, had scarcely been with great care taken on board the 'San Lucia,' and the launch itself was still within easy hail of her when the 'Escorial' loomed up on the port side and her captain commanded the skipper of the chase to come on board his ship.

"Blanquilla calmly replied that he did not wish to have a swim, and as he was bereft of wings, he was sorry that the want of a dingey precluded the possibility of complying with the kind invitation extended to him. This reply seemingly was not received with much satisfaction on board the cruiser, and a boat was lowered and dispatched under the command of a lieutenant, who doubtless had instructions

to return with the captain of the 'San Lucia.'

"As a sailor in the bow of the cutter dispatched hauled the same by means of a boat-hook to the side of the filibuster and held it fast, Blanquilla, leaning over the side and addressing the officer in command, said: 'I must beg you to return to your Captain and inform him that until I receive official apologies from the Governor-General, as representative of the Spanish nation, for the insult to the flag—'

"A burst of laughter from the boat here interrupted him, and the officer in command replied: 'Come! come! Captain, it is not the least good trying any bluff on us. We know all about you and your cargo; been looking for you all over the Gulf, and cannot imagine how we missed you for so long.'

"My dear sir,' rejoined Blanquilla, 'your very words prove that you know nothing about me, and as for my cargo—I'm sure I don't understand the allusion you make—there is nothing in the least degree contraband about it.'

"Perhaps not now,' asserted the officer, 'we saw you throwing the cases overboard, but there are probably enough left of those condemned Yucarica army stores—you see we know all about them and you—to condemn the boat in the Prize Courts and you to the gallows.'

"I must,' replied Blanquilla, with hauteur, 'request you to moderate your language, or I shall be under the painful necessity of calling the attention of my government to it. Go back to your ship and report to the Captain—'

"Bosh! get on board, men,' cried the officer, abruptly; then to the crew of the 'San Lucia,' who were standing about listening to the altercation, he said, emphatically, 'If any of you attempt to injure this boat's crew it will be the worse for you.'

"I command you to stop,' ordered Blanquilla, raising his voice for the first time. 'This ship sails under the diplomatic flag of Yucarica and my country will regard any infringements of our ministerial privileges as a *casus belli*.'

"You mean to say that this filibuster is the property of the Minister of Yucarica;—humbug, man! What is the good of this quibbling? You are under our guns, and cannot get away, so you may as well let us come on board.'

"One moment, Lieutenant; this vessel, I would have you know, is the property of Senorita Julia Viburilla, who is at present on board. I therefore claim on her behalf "exterritoriality," a right which places the Minister, his family and his suite out of the jurisdiction of the country to which he is accredited. If you—'

"And if the Minister gives permission for the ship to be searched?' suggested a voice at the back.

"Blanquilla wheeled round and faced Julia Viburilla's father, who taking advantage of every one's attention being occupied, had unmolested boarded the 'San Lucia' on the starboard side. He had in fact discovered the absence of his daughter, and had followed her in the steamer which Blanquilla had failed to notice.

"The suggestion the Minister made was undoubtedly a poser, and it speaks well for Blanquilla's presence of mind that he was equal to the occasion.

"With all due deference, your Excellency, I would remind you that however much you may desire to waive your Ministerial privileges, that according to diplomatic law you cannot do it.'

"To say that Senor Viburilla was enraged hardly describes the passion in which he was thrown by the obvious checkmate of the imperturbable Blanquilla, but at last he blurted out, 'Granted that these gentlemen cannot search the ship, there is no reason why you should not be arrested on suspicion.'

"Only two good reasons,' calmly responded Blanquilla, 'only two—one is that they cannot legally step on board this vessel because of its "exterritoriality." The other that in the list of officials, servants, etc., furnished by you to the Governor-General in order that he should know for whom you claimed immunity my name appears?'

"I drew up the list and your name was not mentioned,' retorted Viburilla.

"You certainly drew up a list of your suite, but your daughter supplied the list of servants and I—'

"The lieutenant, who had a sense of humor, burst out laughing and with the remark, 'You are a bit too clever for us, Captain,' bade his men to give way, and forthwith returned to the 'Escorial' to report the deadlock to his superior officer.

\* \* \* \* \*

"That night the people of Havana enjoyed the untoward sight of an alleged

filibuster riding calmly at anchor in their beautiful harbor without being interfered with by any one official, but by next morning the spectacle had vanished, that is to say, all except portions of the masts and the hull.

"During the night the 'San Lucia' had had a hole blown in her hull by some one unknown and had sunk.

"Fortunately for every one concerned, after the ship had been brought to anchor and everything made snug for the night, Blanquilla and the crew had gone ashore, the Captain having assured himself that his vessel would not be interfered with after what had happened in the early part of the evening. The blowing up of the 'San Lucia' caused a great sensation, especially when the divers sent down to examine her reported that the damage had undoubtedly been done from outside. But an even greater sensation was caused when Captain Blanquilla's demand for redress on a most liberal scale was strongly backed up by the Minister for Yucarica, every one having heard about the incident of the day previous, but it was understood that the Minister sunk the individual in the national aspect of the affair, especially where it affected the privileges of accredited diplomatists.

"The demand for redress on the scale set forth by Blanquilla was at first refused on the grounds that it was altogether out of proportion to the value of the ship, and that moreover the divers reported that those cases which remained whole and purported to hold portions of the vessel's cargo were when opened discovered to be empty!

"It was then that Blanquilla played his trump card. He had, he stated, been spied upon, his ship had been fired upon and finally blown up by parties unknown. He himself had been grossly insulted by Spanish officials, and simply because he insisted upon certain diplomatic rights. Because he threw overboard out at sea some cases of stores that had gone bad

instead of bringing them into the harbor, was that sufficient reason for a cruiser to send a shot across his bows? Not a bit of it, and he demanded compensation. With regard to his cargo, which he had shipped openly at Truplaco, it was what it was stated to be. He had not bought directly or indirectly obsolete Yucarican small arms—the said small arms, he understood, had been dispatched to Patagonia—his cargo was not in the smallest degree contraband, and the spies at Truplaco had been utterly misled regarding it but that was not his fault, indeed he had been everything that was frank and open. As a matter of fact, the valuable cargo he had brought across, which was wholly lost, was nitrate of potassium, one of the most soluble substances existing, and it was undoubtedly this property of the salt that accounted for the fact that no traces of the contents of those cases that had remained impervious to everything but water could be found.

"On receipt of this message the Spanish officials decided to propose a compromise, which after much haggling was agreed upon. But even then the sum paid to Blanquilla was very handsome, and quite sufficient to purchase certain lands in Yucarica which eventually proved to be gold fields.

"I must in all justice to Spain mention that it was never proved how the explosion on the 'San Lucia' was brought about, but no one for one moment supposed that any official had to do with it. Some people indeed have insisted that the 'San Lucia' was so rotten that an ordinary Chinese cracker was sufficient to blow her to bits. Moreover the same individuals hinted that the best person to inquire of concerning the explosion was Senor Manuel Blanquilla, and would you believe it, these scandal-mongers have even declare that Blanquilla's story of the nitrate of potassium was all humbug, and that the cargo was one of wooden cases, and these empty. He is a very wealthy man"

(No. V of "The Adventures of an Ambassador," will be published in the March issue.)



# WHAT ONE MAN SAW

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF A WAR-CORRESPONDENT

BY

H. IRVING HANCOCK

Part the Fifth

## THE HOSPITAL SERVICE

"I'm brain-fagged and body-tired," declared the doctor, halting in front of the porch and resting both elbows on the bench that ran along the whole length of the outer edge of the porch.

He had come down through Newspaper Row, as we had dubbed that part of the main street of Siboney. Here were three buildings which had been seized and occupied by war correspondents. It was



"GOD'S WOMEN."

the principal gathering place of the little Cuban town. Here the correspondents came when they returned from the front; here they wrote their dispatches and the longer stories that went by mail; here obliging officers came who had some new item of news. Foreign attachés dropped in, too, to hear what news had escaped them, and in return they were sometimes lured into expressing

more or less trenchant opinions of how the campaign was being conducted. Here, too, the home-coming mail had been received and cared for. Hence Newspaper Row became an exchange—a sort of forum. Everyone who wanted to hear or tell something came our way.

It was Sunday morning, July 3d, a beautiful, clear day, an ideal American day, one of the passing officers explained, with no notion of how prophetic his words were. While the heat was all that is conveyed by the word "tropical," yet it was tempered by the breeze blowing in from the sea that was but a few yards from our porch, and he who could sit back in the shade found nothing to grumble at in the weather.

"They're still coming—poor fellows," sighed the doctor, taking a few tired whiffs at the cigarette which had been offered him. "They're coming a good deal faster than we can attend to them, though we are going without sleep in the effort to catch up with our work. Few of us have had forty winks since Friday, though several naval surgeons have come ashore and are helping us splendidly."

Out at the front the fighting was still going on. Friday's was the big battle, but Saturday had seen some sad work in a lesser degree, and a correspondent who had just got in from the front informed us that at daylight on this Sunday morning our forces had again gone at the work of hammering Santiago. Having pretty completely invested the city, all that was now left for the Americans to do was to take it by assault.

"I am told that means from three to five thousand more men will be killed and wounded on our side," mused the doctor aloud. We had heard the same estimate and believed it. And, once our army got into the city, Cervera was there in the harbor, to pound the victors with his great guns. A city which could be captured only by the grandest heroism and at frightful loss would probably prove untenable to the victors, who would have no artillery capable of effectively replying to Cervera's fire. Victory and destruction looked like twin terms.

Even now our hospital at Siboney was overcrowded, the whole force of doctors, stewards and nurses overworked to the point of collapse. The assault and capture of the city itself, and then in turn the bombardment of the victors—no wonder the surgeons were in a condition of wondering dread! The sacrifices to victory seemed destined to become one of the most harrowing pages in the annals of war.

Every few minutes some of the wounded arrived from the front. No man





"EVERY FEW MINUTES SOME OF THE WOUNDED ARRIVED."

who could use his feet was allowed to ride. All of the transportation by vehicle was reserved for the wounded who could not possibly walk. How many ambulances does the reader imagine there were with us in Cuba? Three! And they were there by the merest luck. Bates' Brigade had sailed from Mobile with the three ambulances belonging to that organization. The eighty odd sent to Tampa by rail did not come to Cuba with us. Lack of transportation facilities was one of the excuses urged. Yet in time of war the United States Government has authority to seize any vessel needed for transport purposes—making proper payment later on, of course.

Now, even refusing carriage to any man barely able to use his legs in getting back to Siboney, it is quite apparent that three ambulances could not bring in all the wounded men who could not walk. The round trip out to the front and back was twenty-eight or thirty miles, and over a road or path which made even one round trip per day a remarkable performance. So mule wagons were called into service. These tough, durable vehicles are inten-

tionally constructed in a way that makes it possible to haul them over fallen trees, small boulders, through mud two feet deep, and in general over and through any kind of a road that is wide enough for the wheels to pass. These wagons are springless. A healthy man, troubled only with aching feet, would sooner tramp fifteen miles than try to ride the distance in an army mule wagon. And these were the vehicles which, in the absence of a proper number of ambulances, were made to serve in their place. In the cases of very seriously wounded soldiers it was necessary to get them to the hospital somehow; it would be interesting to know how many men died from the jolting they got.

The foregoing can give but a faint idea of the horror of the situation on Sunday morning, when it was believed that it would be necessary to take Santiago by assault; when it was thought that the main battle of the campaign was still before us, with all the frightful losses it must entail. It made the heart sick and the brain dizzy to contemplate the prospect when already the facilities of the surgical department were so woefully overtaxed. Yet the



heads of the medical department of the army in Washington have since asserted that every contingency conceivable to human foresight had been amply provided for! Go tell that to the men who were in Siboney at that time! Go tell that, too, to the foreign military and naval attachés who saw the situation and contrasted it with the system in the medical departments of the armies which they represented! The sad truth is that in a campaign where men must die in droves, both by bullet and by tropical disease, the medical and surgical provisions were not ample, nor even tolerably ample.

The mule wagons that passed our shack that morning, each carrying eight or ten gallant fellows shattered in the service of their flag, were surely not a part of that "ample provision." It would have been an act of inhumanity to make the enemy's wounded who fell into our hands ride in such conveyances. As far as might be, comrades of the wounded men who rode in these mule wagons had tried to make them comfortable for the trip. Clothing, leaves, grass—anything soft—had been placed in the bottom of some of these substitute ambulances, to relieve some of the fearful wear and tear and rack of the journey. There were no covers over them. Helpless—sometimes unconscious—they were obliged to ride fifteen miles with the tropical sun blazing on their faces. Some of the comrades out at the front had tried to keep the sun rays out of the sufferers' faces by rigging up palm and other leaves over them.

In the meantime our troops out at the front were suffering pangs of hunger. The quartermaster's department has been blamed for the failure to get food to them. There could have been wagon-loads more of it sent there, had it not been that so many of the quartermaster's vehicles were diverted to the more imperative work of bringing in the wounded. In this way the lack of adequate provision of ambulances by the medical department greatly hindered the quartermasters in the transportation of food to the fighting part of the army. Logically, the surgical department not only caused the wounded unnecessary and untold agony, but caused other thousands, still passably well, to weaken and sicken through the lack of sufficient food.

Along towards ten o'clock I went up to the hospital again with paper, pencil and

envelope, for there were always scores of men who wanted letters sent home. The wounded were lying on the ground, generally on a single blanket spread over the hard-caked earth. Some men had no blankets at all. Cots? Well, there were a few. So close were the men lying to each other that I had to exercise the greatest of care in getting through. Here and there, when I wrote a letter for a soldier, it was possible to kneel on the ground between two men; but in rather more cases it was necessary to stand up—and to stand in the smallest possible space. The Red Cross nurses, being more experienced and less clumsy, managed the problem better. The amount of work those five heroic women could do in an hour was a marvel.

"How do you like the Red Cross sisters?" I asked one of the men.

"They're the only good thing here," was the gulping answer.

Another, for whom I was writing a letter home, paused after dictating a few short sentences, then added:

"Tell mother the Red Cross nurses are little below the angels!"

The hunger which had begun on Saturday was intensified by now. On every hand there was complaint of lack of food. Soldiers who said they were hungry held up hard-tack nibbled around the edges, or showed me cans of baked beans.

"Fine stuff for men in pain and with blood afire, isn't it?" asked one of these food exhibitors.

"If I could have a little gruel——" said one, wistfully.

"Or a glass of milk," suggested another.

"I'd like an orange—it would be a square meal and a good drink afterwards for me, to-day."

"I kain't eat dem beans. Done tried to, but dey tu'n mah stummack," complained a negro trooper. "Ef I could hab one good slice ob watermelon——"

This raised a laugh. It took but little to amuse the poor fellows.

One regular in that tent had been shot in more than one place. He was pretty well covered with bandages. Between him and the hard ground was a single fold of blanket. If he could have had a cot to lie upon, it would have been comparative comfort, but he was in great pain and the little ridges of ground under him made a bed of torture. He had tried repeatedly to shift himself into a somewhat more

comfortable position; he had had the assistance of one of the hospital stewards. It was out of the question, though. There was no soft side to that ground, and no one position that was more comfortable than another. He gave it up, finally, and began to cry—not from bodily pain, but from sheer misery. As I came toward him he looked up and said, brokenly:

"Pardner, will you tell me something?"

"What is it?"

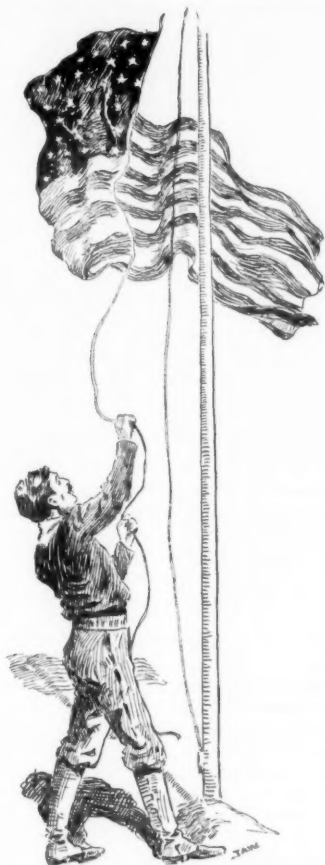
"For God's sake, what kind of a country have I been fighting for?"

I didn't answer that question; it was too much of a poser. Instead, I tried to tell him that things would soon be in better shape. He listened to me with marked incredulity. On a later day, when I looked for him, he was not there. He had died, wondering what kind of a country had received the sacrifice.

Just before noon we paid a visit to the camp of some hundred and sixty Spanish prisoners who had been brought in from El Caney. They were encamped in the open, up at the southwest end of the village—a dirty, sullen, but picturesque looking lot of undersized men. They were still wondering at what hour they were to be shot to death, for their officers had told them that this was their certain fate should they fall into the hands of the American barbarians. Around this camp of the prisoners was posted a strong guard of Michigan Volunteers, intended not so much to hinder the escape of the Spanish as to prevent the Cubans from making an attempt to get at them with machetes. We found them well provided

with rations, issued by our commissary at the rate of three good square meals a day for each prisoner. When asked if they had any complaint to make about their treatment, several of the soldiers replied at once that they had not once fared as well since leaving Spain. The two officers who belonged to this outfit had been given quarters in the block-house a few yards away.

Walking down the street again to "Newspaper Row," we were just in time to see a couple of mule wagons coming up the street, escorted by mounted cavalrymen, carrying rifles rampant from the right knee. That escort meant more prisoners, and we hurried forward to get a glimpse of them. There were about a dozen in the two wagons, and one of the troopers obligingly informed us that he had heard they were some of the enemy's sharpshooters who had been rounded up. Nearly every one in the lot was wounded. There was one who was not, and he was not a Spaniard, but a foreign correspondent who had come down with us on the Olivette. Out at the front he had been acting queerly, as if he were trying to break through to the enemy's lines. Twice he was arrested and released; the third



"MAKING OLD GLORY DANCE."

time he stayed arrested, on suspicion of being a spy. He pooh-poohed and claimed it was all a personal dispute with some of our officers. Had he been convicted he would have been shot. In the absence of positive evidence to warrant this fate, he was subsequently shipped out of the island.

Dinner over, news came that electrified



"THE WOUNDED DICTATING LETTERS TO HOME."

us. It was that Cervera's fleet had made what seemed a foolhardy dash from Santiago harbor, and that all the vessels except the Cristobal Colon had been promptly destroyed. The Oregon was reported to be in chase of the Colon and gaining on her. As soon as we were in possession of the first scant details, several of us hurried up to the hospital to carry the great news to the wounded. There was no cheering, because of hospital regulations, but the happiness of the men lying there shone in their faces. Outside was the wildest excitement. The first crowd of men to hear the news let out a cheer that shook the air. So did the second. After that the cheers traveled faster than the news. Every one in Siboney knew that some great cause for jubilation was afloat, so

those most remote from Newspaper Row cheered first and came down afterwards to find out what it was all about. Next the big transports out in the bay took it up, trying to drown the cheers with loud steam-whistle notes, and up on a hill to the eastward flew an American flag. One soldier, unable to show his great joy in any other way, raced to the flag-pole, seized the halliards, and fairly made beautiful Old Glory dance a jig. The noise continued full twenty minutes. Then every man settled down to talk about it with someone else, and there was thirst and hunger for more details.

It was not long before these came, impersonated by Captain Paget, of the British Royal Navy. His was a figure that every American who was in Siboney will

long remember. A tall, spare, well-built man of probably sixty, who invariably wore a linen uniform, visored cap and monocle, and who appeared inseparable from his "stick" and long telescope. He would out-tramp any youngster of twenty, had a seeming faculty of being always in the right place at the right time to see what was going on, and an obliging habit, that endeared him to us all, of promptly coming to tell us whatever he saw that was newswy. At San Juan, when he saw our flag floating from the heights after the famous charge, he jumped up and down in his delight, shouting, "The victory is ours!" When at Caney he saw our brigades charge up and take positions which his fighting experience had led him to declare impossible a few hours before, he actually cried to think that he had lived to see such a day and men of such bravery as Uncle Sam's soldiers. He was at all times a sincere admirer of American fighting prowess, and now, as he came in fresh from the naval battle which, with his persistent good luck, he had been on hand to see, he trembled and beamed at the same time with satisfaction.

"Er—er—by Jove—the greatest thing—er—er—that I ever—er—saw. Cervera's ships came out shooting and—er—er—our ships began to shoot back, and—er—er—er—er—er—er—"

"Go on, captain," we begged breathlessly.

"Er—er—er—and it was all over, by Jove!"

But presently he added that the Colon was off and away, but with the Oregon in full chase, and ready to follow to Cape Horn or Spain, if necessary. When we inquired if the Oregon had a good show to catch up with the Colon, Captain Paget looked injured.

Then he enthusiastically declared that if the Americans always fought on land and sea the way he had seen them do during the last few days, it wouldn't take an Anglo-American alliance six months to whip the allied rest of the world.

Captain Paget and one other naval attaché happened to be on one of the transports that was pretty far out at the moment when the naval fight began. The captain of that transport had persistently refused, much to the discomfiture of the two attachés, to go nearer to the fight than seven or eight miles, but even at that dis-

tance, with the aid of their powerful glasses, they had been able to follow the course of the combat in detail. When it was evident that several of the Spanish craft were sinking, Captain Paget begged the master of the transport to steam nearer in order to extend humane assistance to Spaniards floundering in the water. The master of the transport, however, refused, thinking he was already quite near enough to the fight. This cowardly refusal the Briton, it was plain to see, regarded as the only blot on the grand American performance, and he gave the master of the transport a pretty bluff hint of his opinion.

Later on we heard another detail of the fight, or rather a side scene of it, that was calculated to make magnanimous blood boil. Some of the wrecked Spanish sailors, swimming to the shore, fell into the hands of Cuban men and women, who at once proceeded to machete them. This Captain Evans saw through his marine glasses, and the Iowa promptly threw a few shells into the inhuman Cubans—another act by which "Fighting Bob" has endeared himself to fairplay-loving Americans.

With the Spanish fleet out of the way it now seemed certain to us that the American assault upon Santiago would begin at once. It might be taking place. There was great bustling in Newspaper Row; but while we were in the midst of it, word came in that a truce had been declared and was likely to continue two or three days. Then correspondents began coming in rapidly from the front to write their dispatches.

In the meantime the insufficient number of attendants at the hospital had been working almost ceaselessly for three days.

If one will consider the awful strain of day and night work on trained nurses in a hospital at home, one may gather a dim notion of the stern courage that was necessary to a nurse in the hospital service at Siboney. At home every appliance, every convenience, every aid is prompt at hand. In the camp hospital, men were sick, suffering and famished or wrongly fed, and every trifling requisite to the nurse's science was troublesome or difficult to secure.

It occurred to some of us that, though we were untrained, we might be of some use up there under the rows of white tents. I went up to inquire of Major Lagarde

whether he could use a few willing amateurs. "I can make use of all who come," was the quick answer.

"Some of us will be here this evening, then."

A squad of volunteers was organized. Major Lagarde's orders were simple and easily comprehensible.

"Sit on that bench outside," he directed. "When you hear a shout for 'hospital man,' go where the shout comes from. Go in turn, so as to divide the work. Do whatever the surgeons or stewards tell you to."

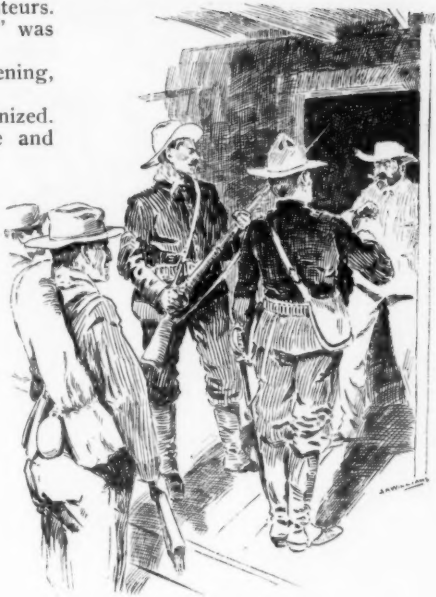
That looked easy. But before there was any call for our services, Major Lagarde himself came toward us, told us that two of the Red Cross nurses had found twenty minutes in which to make gruel for some of the sick men, and directed us to go and bring it down in cups. We hurried off up to the house where two pails of gruel were ready. The nurses had been summoned back to the operating tables and could cook no more. They were even unable to go with us to show us the patients who needed the food most. We must go through and find out for ourselves. We went. The appearance of the steaming, delicious stuff created a sensation. But there was not enough to go around. Promising the still hungry ones that we would get more somehow, we went back to the Red Cross hospital. There, in the back yard, we found a kindly old gentleman named Bangs, a sanitary engineer connected with the Red Cross. He gave his life to his country, as it afterwards proved, at Siboney.

Ritchie and I offered to do the cooking if he would show us how.

"How much time can you give to this?" asked Dr. Bangs.

"Until daylight, or noon to-morrow, if necessary."

He thereupon instructed us. It was not difficult, but it was certainly slow work. There were only two small charcoal braziers. Such fires were slow, and had to be frequently and vigorously fanned. Water had to be heated to boiling, but we got it under way and kept it going. In each batch of gruel a bottle of malted milk and a can of condensed milk were emptied. There was no lack of materials. The Red



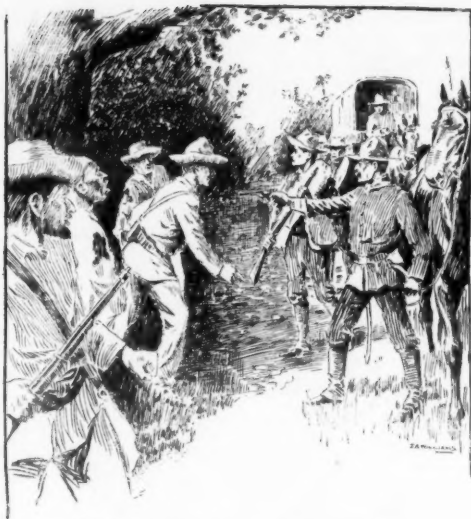
"YOUR BATH IS READY."

Cross ship, "State of Texas," out in the bay, had seven tons of oatmeal on board which had been brought for this purpose. All through the night we went on making the hot, savory stuff, and Bennett and Donohue, provided with buckets, cups and lanterns, went through the rows of tents offering gruel to all who wanted it.

"To make the boys feel better," laughed Bennett, "we have told them that the nurses are making this gruel. One soldier swallowed his with a good deal of relish, lay back on his blanket contented, and said that it beat all Hades how these Red Cross girls could make old-fashioned gruel."

The wounded men who had been unfed for three days could not realize that there was now promise of an unlimited supply. In consequence, many a hungry fellow would look up wistfully when the food was offered him—then indicate someone else in the tent who needed it more. On one of the rounds, when I went through, a young officer replied that he'd certainly be mighty glad of a cupful. Then, as I got nearer he raised himself on one arm, peered into the bucket and





"I'LL ORDER MY MEN TO FIRE." "

added:

"You haven't much there. I guess you can skip me, but there's one of my men over there whom I wish you'd give a cupful to."

Both men got all they could swallow. Thus the "gruel-squad" came into being. It went on duty every evening as long as the need continued, other correspondents and some of the soldiers taking turns. Every pound of material for this work came from the Red Cross people.

The Fourth of July was the strangest one which most of us who were there ever saw, or are likely to see. There was no fighting going on at the front. The truce was likely to last indefinitely. Siboney was a place evenly divided between work and sorrow and suffering. There was no time for jubilation. It was on this day, if I remember rightly, that we found Captain Stevens of the Signal Corps. His face was flushed with fever. He had eaten nothing for four days.

"I came here," he explained, "because I thought my men might be able to find time enough to attend to me. It was a mistake. They didn't have a moment to spare, they are driven so by work that must be done."

Then he told us about the four days without food. Two of us started off to

get it. Where? At the Red Cross hospital, of course, where such things were kept. Soon the captain had swallowed a cup of hot malted milk. By his couch were left some soda crackers and a jar of jelly—little things, but all he wanted.

Up at the camp of Spanish prisoners a different kind of hardship existed, or at least was alleged to exist. The two Spanish officers who lived, as already stated, in the block-house, were visited by an American correspondent. They complained, indignantly, that they were not allowed any opportunity to bathe. The correspondent repeated this to the officer of the guard, a Michigan officer.

"They can't get baths, eh?" repeated the lieutenant, his eyes twinkling. "I'll have that remedied at once."

Two minutes later there was a knock on the door of the block-house. When one of the Spanish officers opened the door, he found himself confronted by an American officer and a squad of men.

"We have come to take you to your bath," said the American, politely.

This announcement, in connection with a squad of armed men, looked rather peculiar. The Don made some reply about not caring for a bath, just then. He might as well have saved his breath. The American officer was courteous, but firm. His orders were that the prisoners were to bathe. Before the Spaniards got through objecting, they found themselves marching in the center of a squad of men headed for the beach. They reached the edge of the bay at a point where there were no other bathers.

"There is your bath ready for you," said the American officer, pointing to the ocean. Again the prisoners demurred, but were informed that a bath had been ordered, and could not therefore be avoided. Being officers themselves, they must know the inviolability of orders. Surely, as gentlemen, they would not force the American officer to the highly regrettable necessity of—of—

Slowly, but surely, it dawned upon the nettled Dons that this bath was an affair that could neither be dodged nor post-





"THE RECEPTION OF HOBSON AFTER HIS RELEASE  
FROM PRISON."

poned. They objected to being asked to disrobe before these soldiers, but the American officer pointed to a distant part of the beach where American officers and men were bathing together. Unfortunately their status as prisoners precluded the courtesy of sending the guard back. So with some anxiety they stripped, then they looked at the water, next back at the line of guards, and then, acting upon a gentle hint, went into the water. There they stood, half up to their knees, until it was made plain to them that the guards were there to see to it that they had as thorough a bath as the facilities permitted. When the American officer left them at the door of their block-house quarters later, he added:

"I am permitted to promise you that you shall have a bath once a day hereafter. Should you desire two per day, I think it can be easily arranged."

No fault can be found with our treat-

ment of the Spaniards. Even the refugees who came out of Santiago subsisted on army rations, provided with a free hand. A captain who went out to El Caney with a provision train intended for the use of the Spaniards, was confronted by Cubans with arms in their hands, loudly declaring that they had much more claim upon the rations than any Spaniard could have. When the American officer curtly declined to be held up in this fashion, the Cubans started to make a rush on the train. In a twinkling the officer sprang from his horse and drew a pistol. The captain snatched it from his hands, and then shouted firmly: "If you fellows try any more nonsense, I'll order my men to fire into you!"

Slowly and sullenly, with a good deal of declamation, our so-called allies withdrew. They could have had plenty of provisions by sending a number of packers back to Siboney. But this they were too lazy, or too lordly to do. Much as our

soldiers detested the Spaniards, they rather preferred them to the Cubans.

One evening, just at dark, Lieutenant Hobson, of "Merrimac" fame, rode in, accompanied by Colonel Astor. Mr. Hobson got a rousing reception in an instant. Army officers crowded forward to clasp the naval hero's hand, saying, "I am Lieutenant So-and-So," or "Captain This-and-That." The hand-shaking was terrific. A dense crowd of soldiers stood around, looking on wistfully. Finally one of the privates stepped forward with, "I'm Private Dash, of the Thirty-third Michigan, but I'd like to shake hands with you, Mr. Hobson." He did, and after that scores more of enlisted men had their chance. Then the Lieutenant sat patiently in saddle, answering all of our questions, for the next half hour, as to how he had been treated in Santiago. He left us under fire of volley after volley of cheers, and as the

boat bearing him sped over the water, every warship and transport in the bay joined in the din of steam whistles.

A half an hour later we had another hero, in the person of Able Seaman Murphy of Hobson's famous dare-devil crew. His reception was no less intense than his officer's had been.

We needed things to make us cheer in those terrible days. The procession of wounded was now replaced by a longer procession of sick men, who straggled in constantly for treatment. Malaria, dysentery, mountain fever and typhoid were rife. There were suppressed whispers that yellow fever had broken out, though as yet no confirmation could be secured. Yet even those who scoffed at the actual presence of it knew that it could not be long before Yellow Jack would be stalking through the camps.

*(To be concluded.)*

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## A FIRESIDE PHANTASY

BY

JOHN LUTHER BRENIZER

I hear the brutal wind in anger roar  
And see the ghastly snow piled on the sills;  
Then sink to sleep and dream of vine-clad hills  
And fragrant fields, where violets bend before  
The kissing breeze, love-shy; and robins pour  
Their throbbing songs upon the air; and rills  
Low murmuring gently creep, with peace that fills  
The saddened heart with longings for the lore  
Of Nature's mind. There in the trembling grass  
I lie with face against the cool damp ground  
And drink its odorous breath, and looking thro'  
The tangled green, I watch the clouds that pass  
Upon the sky. Then start from sleep profound,  
And shivering, hear the wind its wrath renew.

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## BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

### Some Books Worth Reading:

- "Moran of the Lady Letty," by Frank Norris.  
(Doubleday & McClure Co.)  
"The Arabian Nights," Edited by Andrew  
Lang. (Longmans, Green & Co.)  
"Aylwin," by Theodore Watts-Dunton. (Dodd,  
Mead & Co.)  
"The Widow O'Callaghan's Boys," by Gulielma  
Zollinger. (A. C. McClurg & Co.)  
"The Cabinet Edition of Keats." (Houghton,  
Mifflin & Co.)

It is better to attempt a small task and to accomplish it well than to flounder in a magnificent attempt. As Mr. Frank Norris has achieved this in "Moran of the Lady Letty," he deserves the congratulation of his friends and he will certainly win the thanks of a large public for the boon of an evening of captivating reading. No one is going to cry out that "Moran" is an epoch-maker in the history of American novels. This is a welcome lack, because most "epoch-makers" die so prematurely. But no one who reads the book can deny that the author knows three essentials which are evident in the most famous of novels. He can draw characters, which are not clothes-dummies; he can create atmosphere, and he never allows the reader inclination to postpone finishing his story "until he has more time."

The conceit of the story, also, is fresh and attractive. A young San Franciscan, lately graduated from Harvard, has reached what may be called the social agony in his life. He is invited to varicolored teas, etc., and is continuously under the hawk-eyes of match-making mammas. As a quite providential relief to this monotonous peril he is suddenly shanghaied on a sinister craft, manned by filthy and execrable Chinamen, under a dire and brutal and lawless captain. It would be hard to name off-hand a more cruel, blasphemous and more lynchable savage than Captain Kitchell. But he finds his match in his impressed mate, Ross Wilbur, who, ever obedient to orders, though a trifle inexperienced at the outset, meekly awaits the moment of retaliation.

Thus for many pages the reader follows his hero through strange and tortuous adventure until the advent of Moran, who is introduced in masterful fashion at a climax of the novel, which allows the author field for an exhilarating account of a wreck at sea.

From the entrance of Moran on the scene the story loses much of the rough-and-tumble, bloody atmosphere and rises to a flight of romance that is almost poetic. No impression save that of each individual reader who pursues the tale from line to line can render justice to the close of "Moran of the Lady Letty." It bears a charm as sweet and touching as the song of a swan.

Mechanically considered, the volume is excellent in paper, binding and typography; and by an original device of the publishers will be sent on approval to possible readers.

Owing to the almost innumerable literary productions for which Andrew Lang has appeared as preface-maker, stepfather, sponsor, guardian or pleader, some wags have set it abroad that the name "Andrew Lang" is simply a firm style or title for a syndicate devoted to the proper ushering of books into the world.

This is an enjoyable pleasantry and one may be sure that by none is it taken in kindlier spirit than by the indefatigable Scottish gentleman who has devoted so much of his taste and fancy to the cultivation of the fame of other authors. Yet when the occasion arrives to determine on what claim does rest Andrew Lang's sure and widest reputation, there is a strong probability that the decision will be allowed to his multi-colored fairy and story books. In these efforts he has done a service to all children, who never forget their pet authors, though they degenerate so low as to neglect the good folks who procured the acquaintance. Also, has he placed in gratitude's debt those mortals of more mature and wiser years, who control the joy-

ful power to play at being children when the monstrous game of work-a-day life becomes boresome and annoying. In this new edition of "The Arabian Nights" Andrew Lang adds to his laurels by giving in limpid English the best of those Oriental fairy tales whose charm is never-dying. In his preface Mr. Lang tells how the original "Arabian Nights" took on much that was excrescent in detail and verse during their long-continued oral transmission in the East. "A great deal that is very dull and stupid," he says, "was put in, and plenty of verses. Neither the verses nor the dull pieces are given in this book." For this relief much thanks! The author who keeps back a dull book or a bad poem from the world, especially if it chance to be his own, is possessed of a soul almost as great as that of him who produces a masterpiece. Mr. Lang narrates very prettily in the following paragraph the manner in which "The Arabian Nights" were introduced into French and English literature.

"People in France and England knew almost nothing about "The Arabian Nights" till the reigns of Queen Anne and George I., when they were translated into French by Monsieur Galland. Grown-up people were then very fond of fairy tales, and they thought these Arab stories the best they had ever read. . . . Young men once made a noise at Monsieur Galland's windows in the dead of night, and asked him to tell them one of his marvellous tales. Nobody talked of anything but dervishes and viziers, rocs and peris. The stories were translated from French into all languages, and only Bishop Atterbury complained that the tales were not likely to be true, and had no moral. The Bishop was presently banished for being on the side of Prince Charlie's father, and had leisure to repent of being so solemn."

We have only to trace the frequent allusion to the principals in these wonderful adventures, in English literature of that time and thence down to our own day, to be convinced of the hold they have taken on the imagination of the Anglo-Saxon. "The Arabian Nights" are ever readable and Mr. Lang's presentment of them is beautifully embellished by numerous and sympathetic pictures from the pen of H. J. Ford.

"Aylwin" is doubtless worthy of the wide and somewhat indiscriminating praise that has been bestowed upon it, but we cannot wholly subscribe to that theory of literary art which impels an author to preserve his work in manuscript, except to a chosen few hidden and unread,

for twenty years, before submitting it to the reading world. And this is what Mr. Watts-Dunton has done. Suppose this policy of pruning and polishing had been practiced by the masters of English literature? Shakespere would certainly never have had the abundant time to penetrate, depict and illumine the myriad phases of human nature; the creditors of grand Sir Walter might still be whistling for their money; while the delight that Thackeray blesses us with would have been diminished by several volumes.

Perhaps Mr. Watts-Dunton justifies his method by disclaiming any pretense to genius. However that may be, "Aylwin" is a book of singular interest and unusual distinction. It is at once the product of a rare and refined literary skill, of poetic appreciation, vivid characterization and critical acumen.

To these qualities must be added the knowledge and experience of a literary world now quietly and rapidly vanishing, for the author was the house-companion of Swinburne, the close friend of Tennyson, Browning, Meredith, Madox Brown, Borrow, and others, while to Rossetti he was the very comrade of comrades.

All these ingredients commingled with a unique understanding of gypsy life and lore, and a generous red dash of melodramatic superstition, curses and love, have been welded into a curious, yet symmetrical and absorbing romance.

This friend of the leaders of art, himself eminent as the guiding critical hand of the "Athenaeum," the maker of finished sonnets, author of the "Essay on Poetry" in the Encyclopedia Britannica—an almost matchless mosaic of criticism and insight—has done his work well, even if it did take him twenty years to publish it. The story itself is simple in construction, easily enlisting the interest of the reader in the tangled fate that envelopes the hero and the heroine, yet so replete is it with imagination, with the touches of illusion and mysticism, that a detailed outline of it here would tend only to mar that continuity of utterance and beauty of style which pervades the entire work.

But there are two things that demand specific mention. One is the character of the unlettered gypsy girl Sinfi, and the other is the character-portrait of Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

The former is the real life of the story

itself, while the latter is incidental to it, yet both stand out strong, clear and convincing.

In the one Mr. Watts-Dunton has embodied all the passion, poetry, superstition, peculiar habits and traits, indeed, the inner being of those wandering children of the earth, the gypsies; in the other he has pictured, tellingly and finally, the dominant self of the strange poet-painter.

A book of high ideals, imagination, uneven power and peculiar interest, we have no doubt it will achieve an enduring success and we congratulate ourselves that we had not marched past the biblical age limit some twenty years ago.

Of the seven lusty sons of the dauntless little Widow O'Callaghan, one might easily prefer Jim, that unpromising lad whose unconquerable spirit neither turn-down nor set-back could subdue. As you get more closely acquainted with him, your first dislike gives place to pity, and in its turn is pushed out by admiration. In one part of the book "Jim was past ten now, and not much of a favorite with other boys. But he was a prime favorite with himself. His close-cropped red hair, which was of a beautiful shade and very thick, stood straight on end all over his head. His mother looked at him and she saw pugnacity written all over him." It was by this same pugnacity that he averted panic in the school-house fire in the village of Wennott, where the eight subsisted upon slender means. He stood with his back to the door and turning a menacing glance upon his stampeding classmates awed them into order by his sturdy threat:

"The first boy that comes I'll knock down!"

From that time good had the uppermost in Jim and the widow had no grieving doubt that he would not be of such stuff as Pat and Moike and Andy, her model offspring.

The rearing of sons is too often the most unrequiting of tasks. We do not proffer any advice in such an involved subject, (being ourselves without these celestial favors), but we have a vague sense of possible benefit to be drawn from this book by some few mothers who are really near their children. They need not adopt the rich brogue of Mrs. O'Callaghan, but they might imitate her method in caring for her "b'ys."

To what we may call the novel-reader the book would be of no strong interest; its bone and meat being as indicated in the preceding sentences. It is not a story.

In these days of the bold and rugged lyric, which smacks not infrequently of the husky, wassail-song of the Viking, some intercourse with a poet whose whole aim is summed in the one word Beauty, comes to us with solace and purest pleasure. The cabinet edition of Keats renders facile the opportunity for such solace and enjoyment. It is cheap, correct and a pocket volume. There is a rare gust in the confidence with which one takes up a book whose fate the wear and neglect of years have made only the more serene. One sees the fruit in the full flush of ripeness awaiting the grasp of him who shall pluck it. There is no duty save to read; there is no labor save to enjoy, there is no afterwards save the memory of a thing beautiful which hangs in the mind like the recollection of the first love-melody which one heard to understand.

In December of last year in London, the Hon. James Bryce, M. P., politician and writer, the same who gave to England and ourselves a better understanding of our nation and our national life, at a dinner of the Anglo-African Writers' Club, the chair being occupied by Mr. H. Rider Haggard, in responding to a toast, is reported as follows:

"What had impressed him in Mr. Haggard's writings was his perception of what might be heroic in the character of a native, and he thought that was a point they ought to bring out more.

He thought literary men could do much for the colonies of England by making people at home understand them. He supposed colonial geography would soon become known even in Government departments, but there remained an ignorance of colonial society and of colonial life; and he thought literature could do something in endeavoring to remove that sort of ignorance. If we had understood our colonies of North America in 1776 they would have been our colonies still, and if better relations had come in later years it was largely because by literature and personal communications the two nations knew each other better. The service they might render to South Africa was to make people in England understand its charm and also its difficulties. Even the chief difficulty which beset its politics—the difficulty of race—although a difficulty very hard to deal with, was one which would ultimately give way under tact, judgment and justice.

Then there was the other side: What the colonies might do for literary men. They might give them new fields, new topics, new subjects which were very welcome now that the old fields had been tilled and crops reaped from them over and over again.

Here is the cue for an American Haggard. The Philippines are the territory for his talent. What youngster in letters is he who stands ready to exile himself from the mother-land in the West and go to the daughter islands in the East, there to learn and know the intimate life and aspirations of our brown-skinned dependants, and, disdaining subjection to man or party, teach us, by the power of his pen, what that life and those aspirations are, that we may deal justly by them?

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Mr. Henry James has been much talked about lately on account of his new book, "The Two Magics," or rather, on account of the first of the two long stories that make up the volume. This is one of the most curious and subtle ghost-stories ever written. Mr. James has given it the wierd title of "The Turn of the Screw," and has told in it how two beautiful and innocent children were haunted by the ghosts of two wicked retainers in their family. For people who read stories for mere amusement the tale would offer no attraction; but for those who enjoy Mr. James in his most elusive and artistic vein it could not fail to be most fascinating. Another recent book by Mr. James is written in a wholly different style and has apparently made very little impression on the public. It is called "In the Cage," and it describes the adventures of a "lady-telegraphist" who becomes deeply interested in the love affairs of the rich people who send messages through her and finally falls hopelessly in love with one of them. As a curiosity of literature, it has great value; as a story, it is decidedly lacking in animation and interest. Mr. James seems of late to have been trying a series of experiments and even some of his old admirers have been complaining of the fantastic tricks he has been playing and of the decline in clearness and simplicity of his style.

A curious interest is attached to the two volumes entitled, "The Workers," the second of which was published during the present winter. They are the record of one of the most remarkable experiments in philanthropy ever tried, and for this reason alone, even if they possessed much less literary merit than they have, they would be valuable. Walter A. Wyckoff, the author, is one of those young enthusiastic reformers who are now doing so much good work in our larger cities. Well born and well educated, he took, while still a student at college, a deep interest in the conditions of life among the laboring classes. A few years ago, feeling that his knowledge of these conditions was very largely theoretical, he determined for a time to give up his old associations, and to become a working man himself, relying for his support solely upon what he could earn with his hands. The experiment lasted for two years, during which he traveled from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast, suffering many hardships, being reduced at times to the verge of starvation, but never flinching. In Chicago, where some of his most interesting experiences occurred, he happened, while roving about the streets in search for work, to look into the windows of a costly residence and to see an old friend lolling luxuriously before a grate fire. He was strongly tempted, then and there, to throw over his experiment, and seek food and lodging from his friend. This episode he relates very simply and modestly, without pretending to be unconscious of the strength of will which he had to exert against the temptation. Indeed, the whole book is written in so natural and honest a style that it carries instant conviction. The reader may doubt the necessity of Mr. Wyckoff's sufferings, but he cannot doubt the courage and the fine human sympathy that made them possible. Mr. Wyckoff does not attempt to draw conclusions from his adventures; he prefers to let the adventures speak for themselves. So "The Workers" is rather a narrative than a study in political economy. But those who read it with care may form very valuable conclusions, and they cannot fail to be deeply impressed by work as a human document.